VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR

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BREAST BONDAGE

AN H.O.M. PUBLICATION



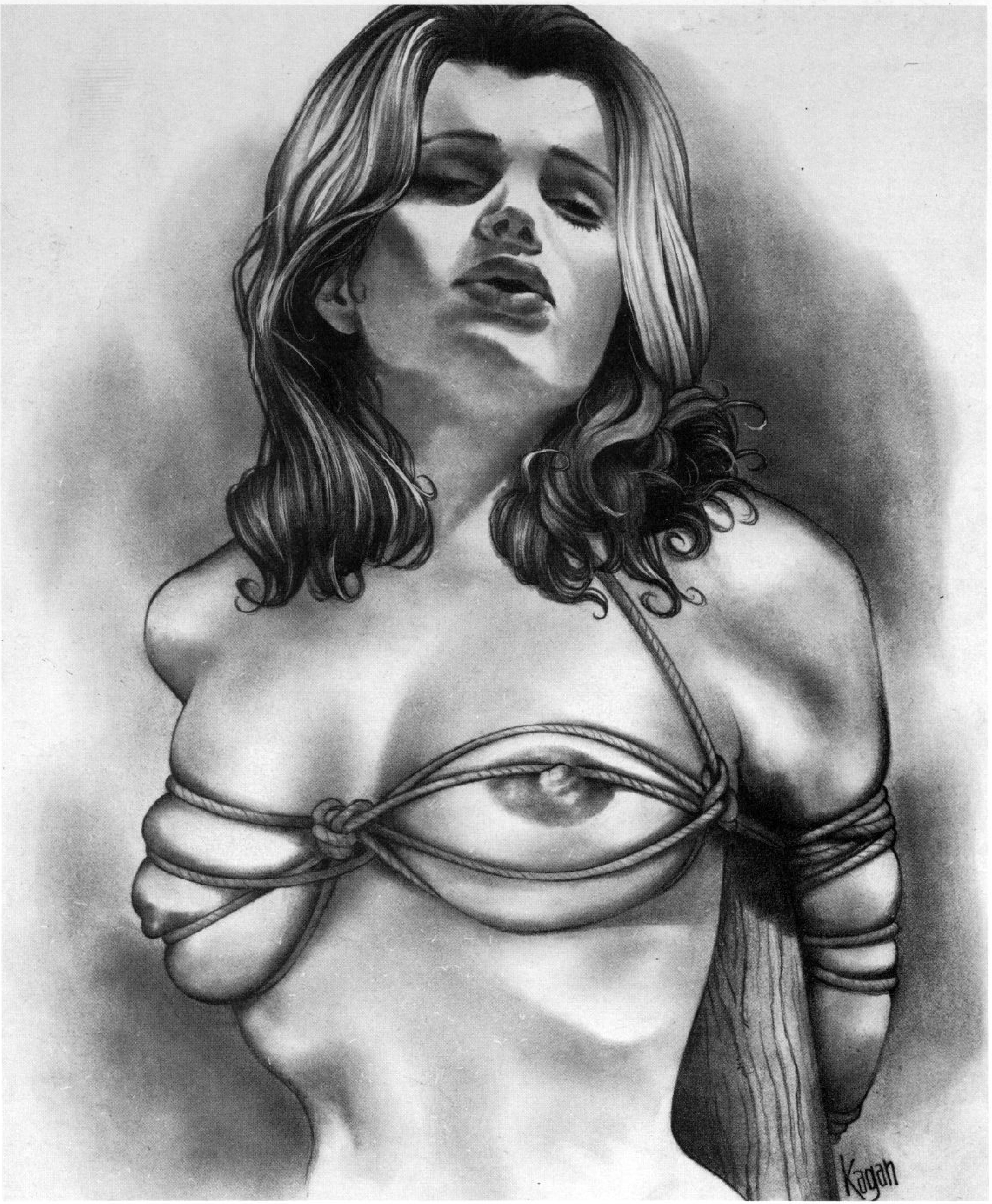
BOUND & EXCITED
The cruel ropes bit into her flesh

PAST DUE SATISFACTION
Some things are worth waiting for

SILENCE IS GOLDEN
She spoke out of turn . . . and suffered

LOVE OF PAIN (and pleasure)
She tried not to cry out

ADULTS ONLY


Kagan

RULES OF B&D

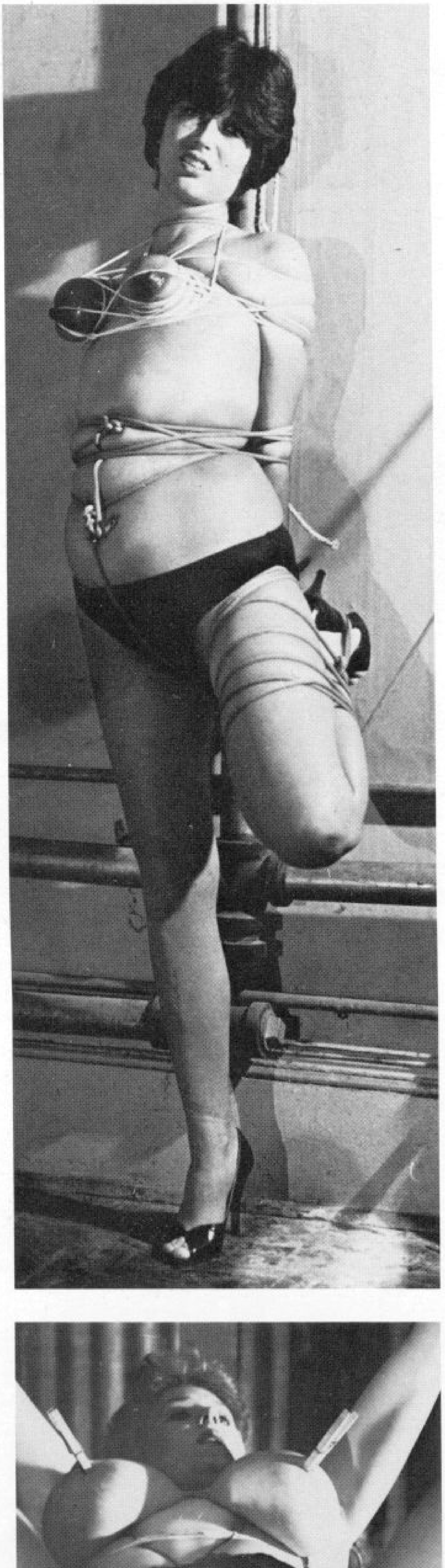
All games have their rules and the bondage game is no exception. The primary rule is that all people willingly consent to all activities. Without consent it is no longer fun and games, it's assault and rape, something the law has no sense of humor about. Neither do we.

It is important to remember that magazines and films are usually done by experts and often positions shown, drawn or described for their fantasy value may be impossible, too strenuous or even extremely DANGEROUS for the novice to attempt! As an example, some people can easily be bound with their elbows touching each other behind their back, while others may suffer serious injury from that same position. Every body is different in structure, circulation and pain tolerance. Therefore NEVER assume that because a professional can attain a position for our fantasies, it is safe or even possible for you or your slaves.

Avoid positions where someone may be injured if they slip or fall, especially ropes or straps around the neck. Loss of footing in the "arms pulled up behind" position can result in dislocated shoulders! THINK before you act. Carelessness could allow fun and games to turn into lawsuits, a jail sentence or even a human life on your conscience! A WILLING PARTNER IS TOO PRECIOUS TO HURT WITH A THOUGHTLESSLY PLACED ROPE!

Always know your slave's limits and NEVER EXCEED THEM! Use "safe" words that are agreed upon before each session. They allow a partner to stop the proceedings if things are going too far. The two most commonly used of these are "Mercy" and "Mercy Master". If during a session the slave said, "no, please stop, it hurts," the action would continue. If she said, "Mercy Master," the activity in progress would either be reduced or eliminated but the session and mood would continue uninterrupted. "Mercy" means the session is over, stop everything now! Words can also be agreed to meaning 'more,' 'tighter' or 'harder.' If a gag is used, an object being held can be dropped or unreal sounding hums in a pattern can be agreed upon.

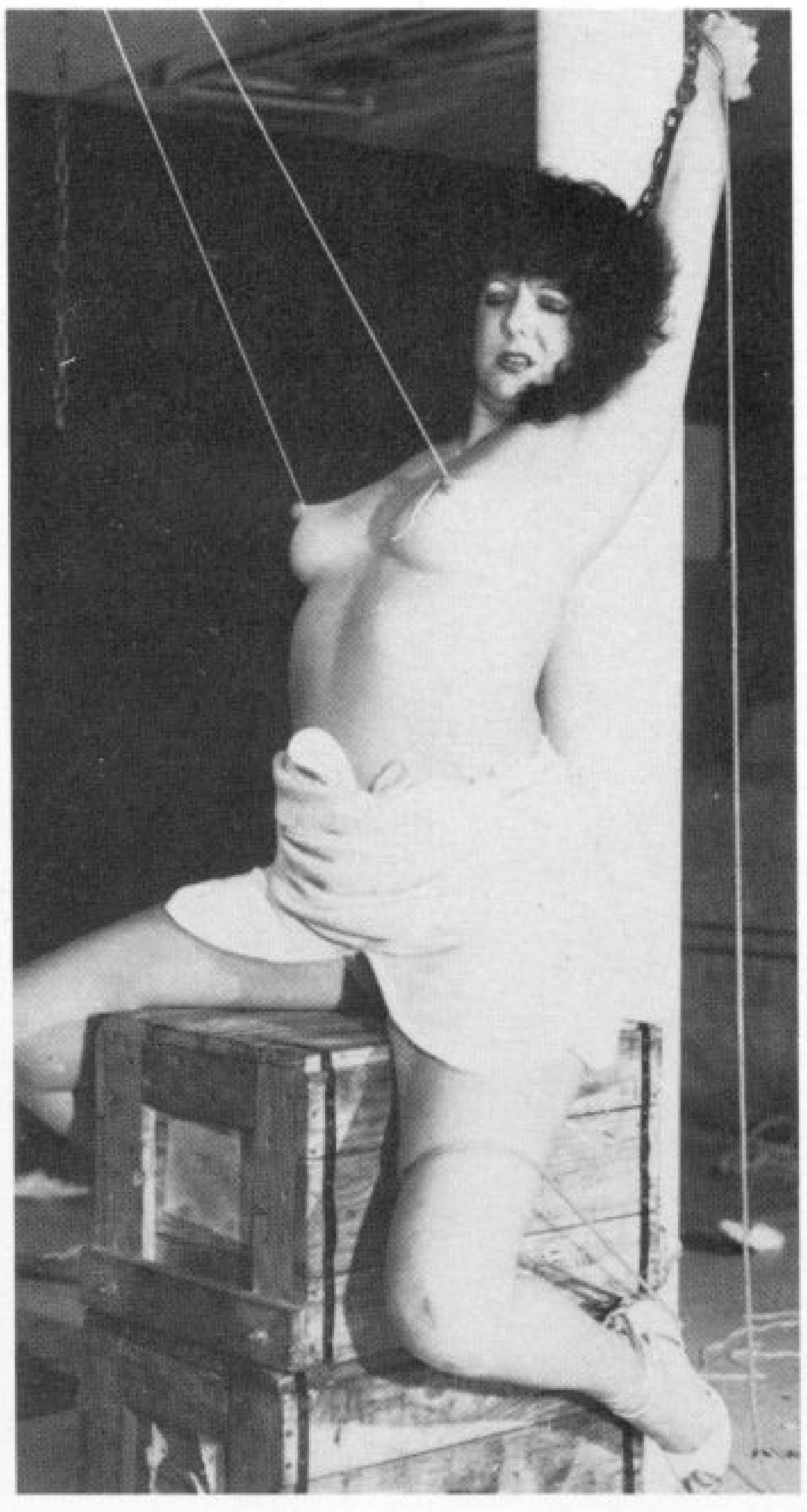
Observing these few common-sense rules and using a bit of consideration for the feelings of your partner will lead to a safe and mutually satisfying relationship.





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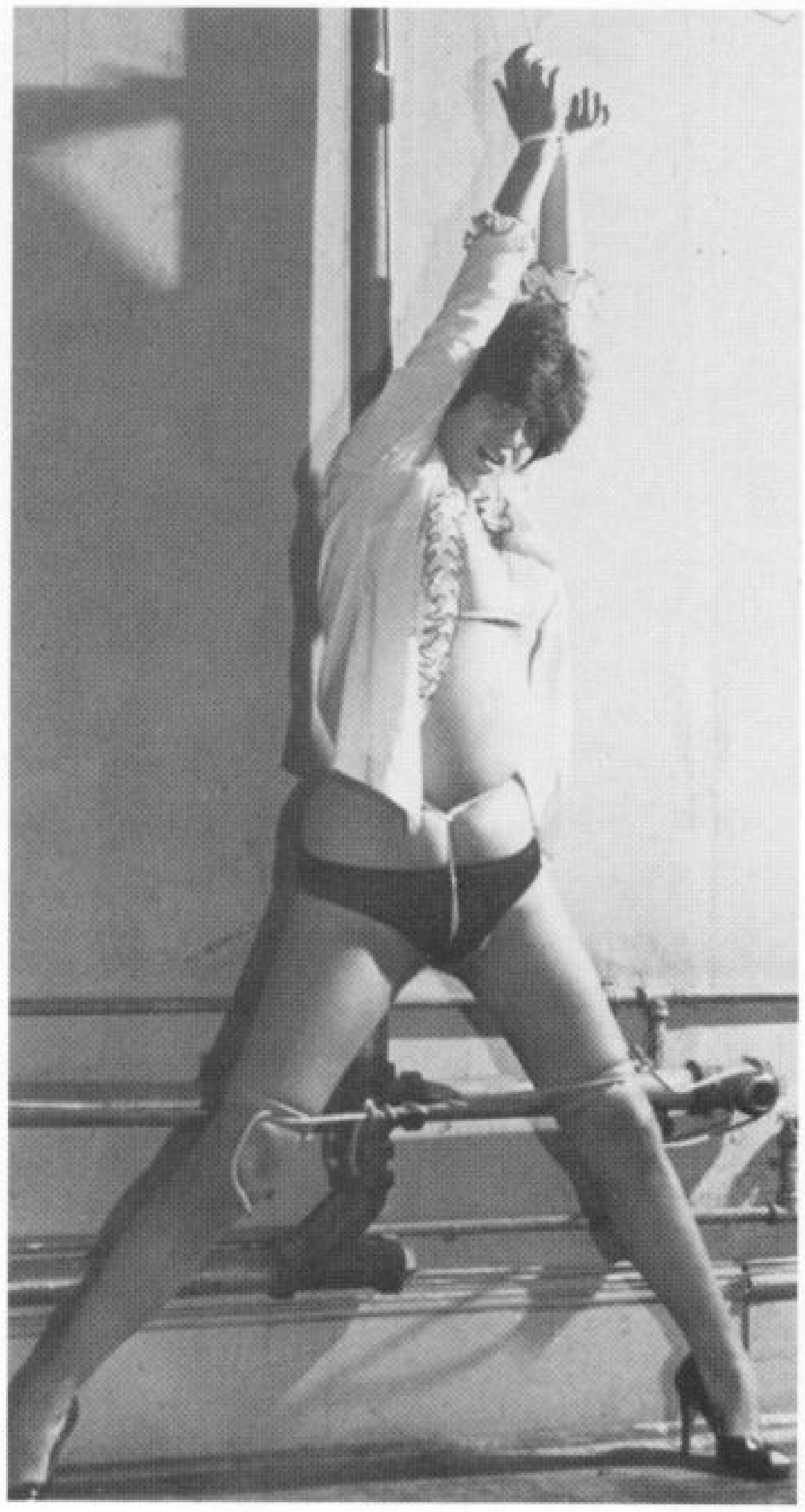


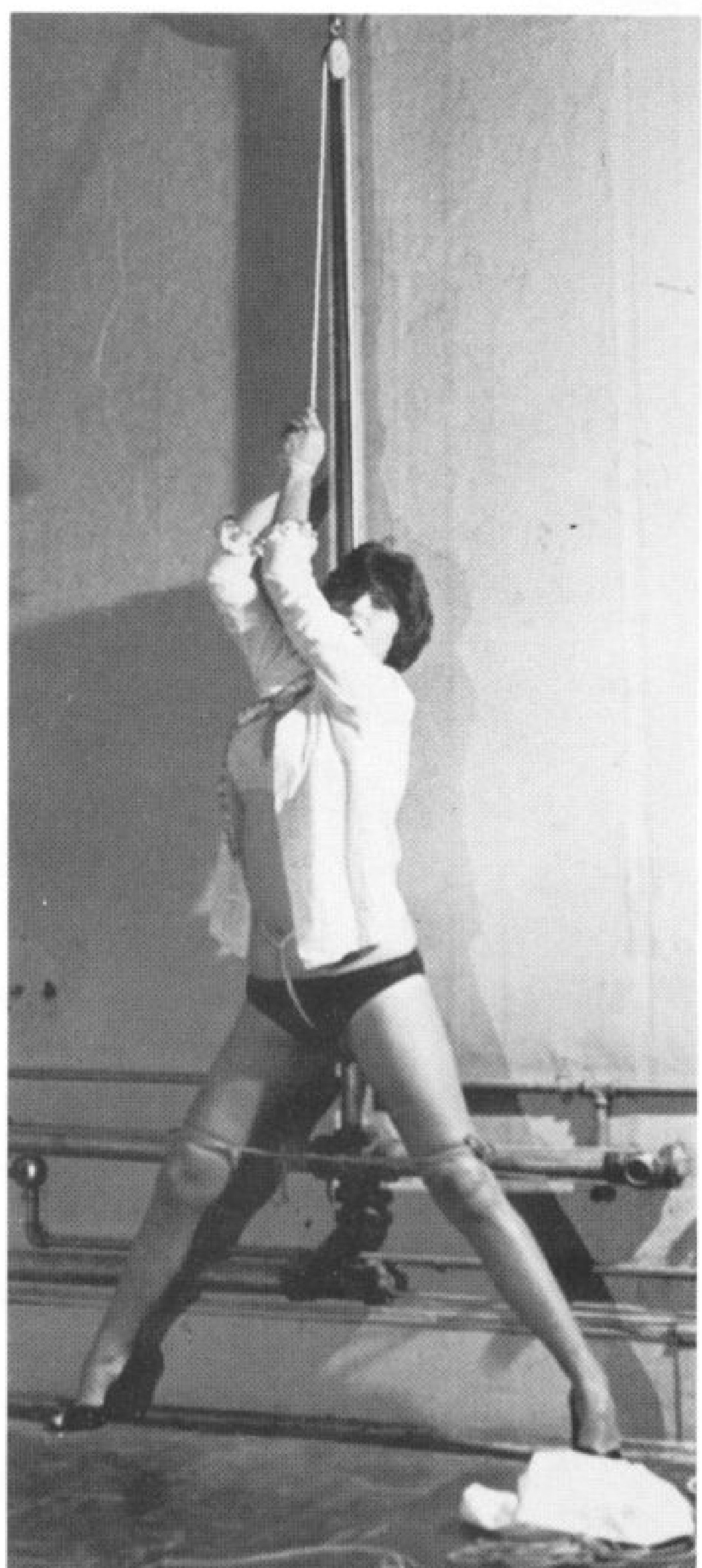
Past Due Satisfaction

Janie had enjoyed the whole damn thing. Sure, it hurt here and there. Sure, nobody had ever tied her tits up, but she hadn't even believed it possible until the ropes went around and around and her mammaries went out and out! Chris and Eleanor had laughed delightedly and assured her that Jim would fall in love with the effect. They debated, while they had her tied, as to whether they should have Jim come in and look at their creations while they had her helpless, or whether they should deliver her to him that evening with her boobs roped and sticking out a foot under her blouse. They wouldn't do it, of course! At least, she didn't think they would.

They usually played with her pussy. They'd been unkind to her pussy in a lot of ways during these afternoons when she let them tie her. It was understood that all three of them got hot pants out of what they did to her. This made the 'afterwards' really super. But the







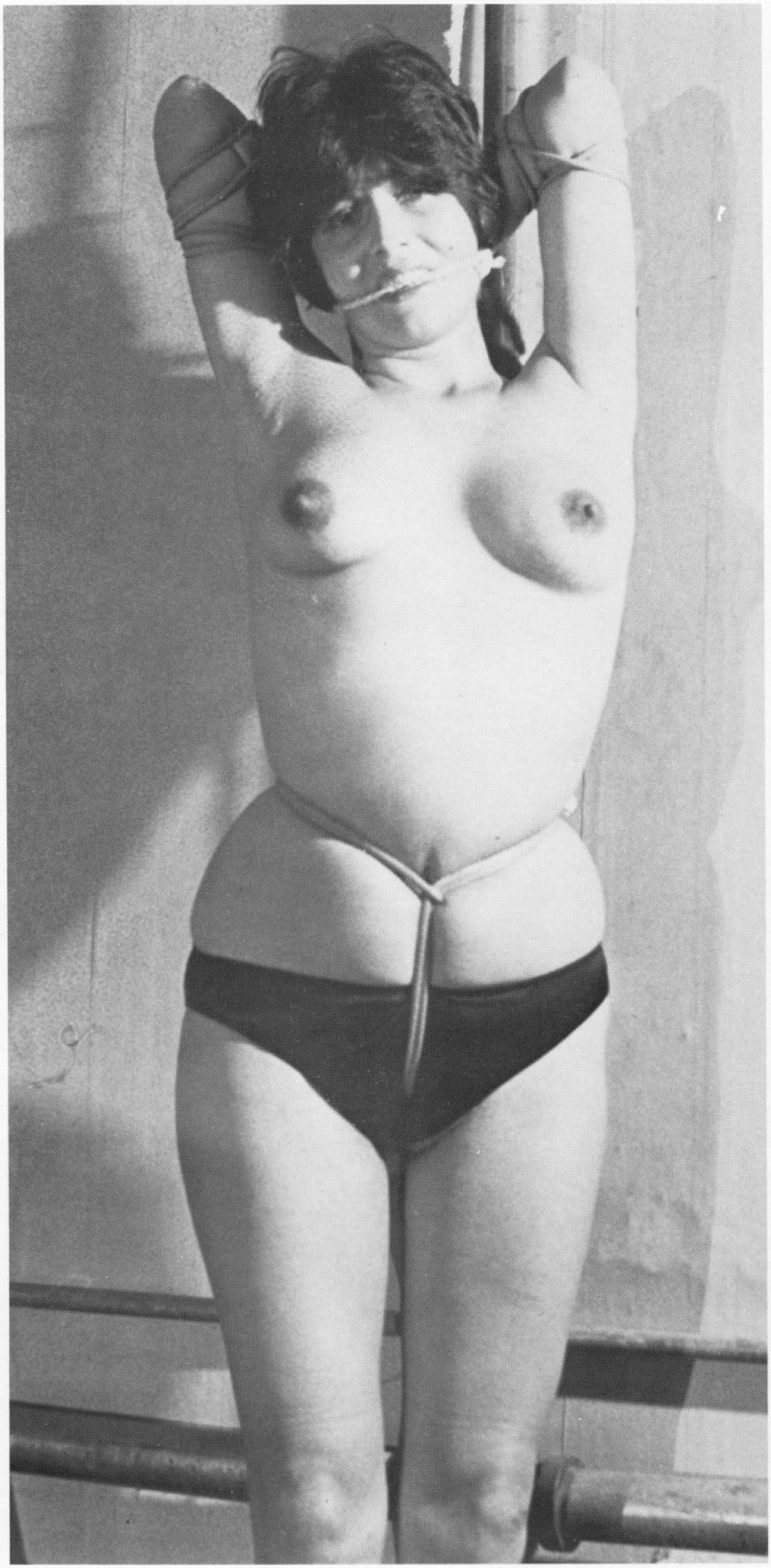


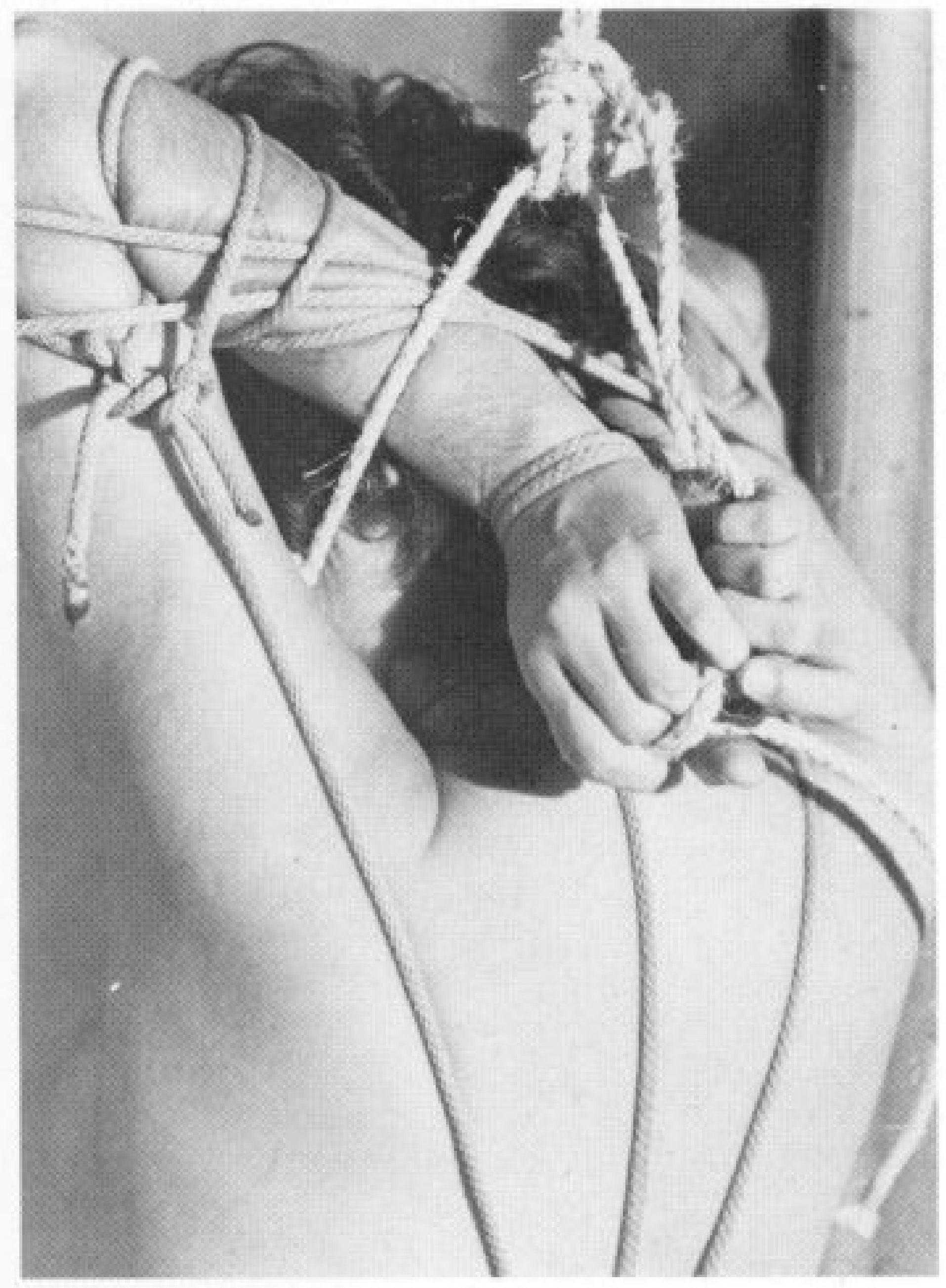
afternoon with the vegetables had been a bit much. The carrot, the cucumber, the banana! It was surprising how many edible things seemed designed to go up inside. She hadn't liked it . . . but still! Anyway, their preoccupation with her pussy had tailed off to where they were satisfied with a rope around her middle and a strand down and under to annoy her clit. Looking around for their next item of interest about Janie they had decided on her breasts.

The easy one had been to simply criss-cross and pull hard. Where Janie's twin beauty's had burgeoned now became a flat boy's chest that diverted them for awhile, but didn't really satisfy their aesthetic sensibilities. When they untied that and went on to the next experiment all three girls were left gasping, two of them with joy, one with pure shock. Janie had said a flat: "You mustn't, you mustn't!" to which she got the reply: "But, darling, we will, we will, we will!" They went on to discover how sensitive tied tits could be. Janie's moans and groans told them.

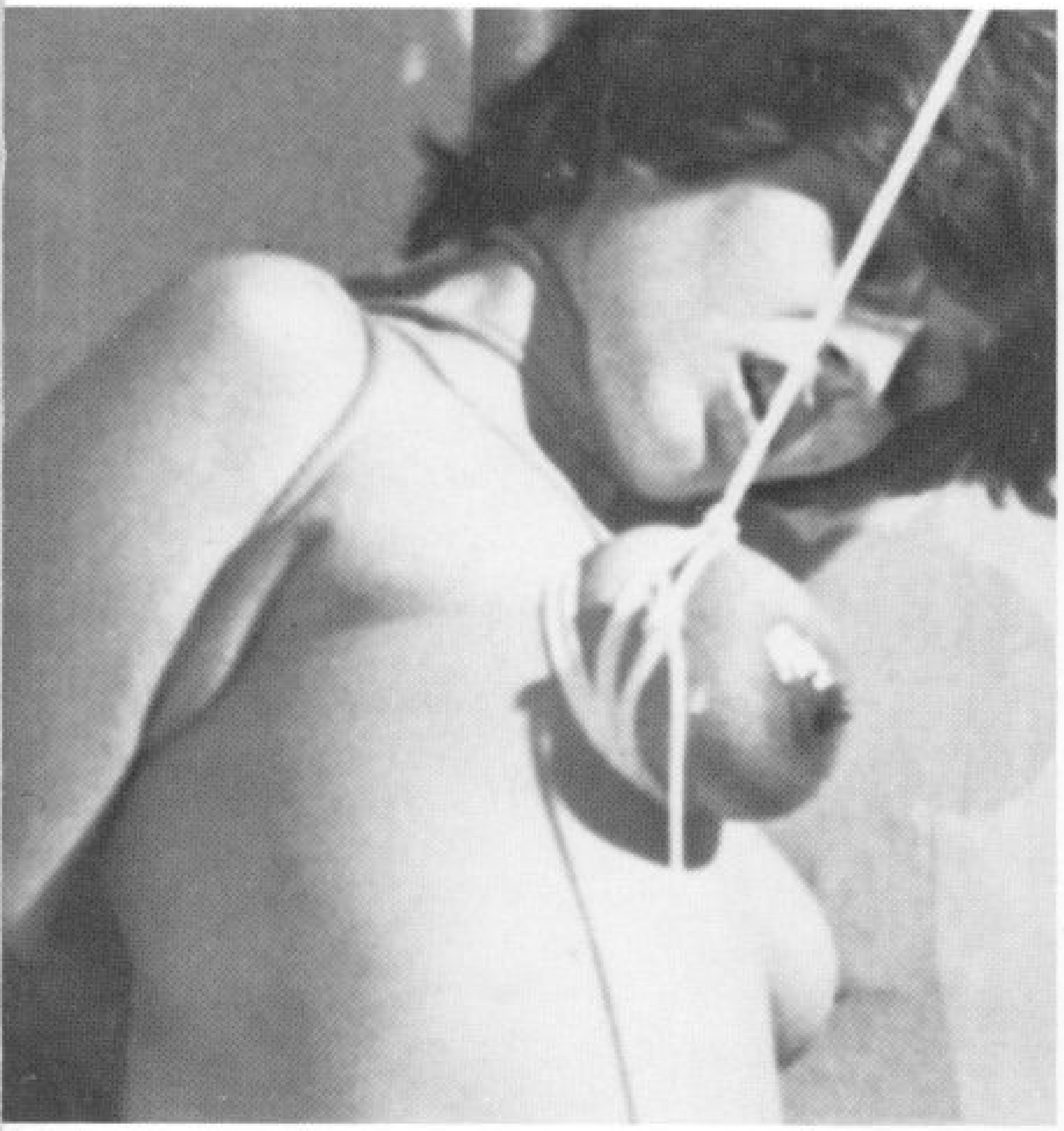
Janie wondered if tied tits were habit forming.

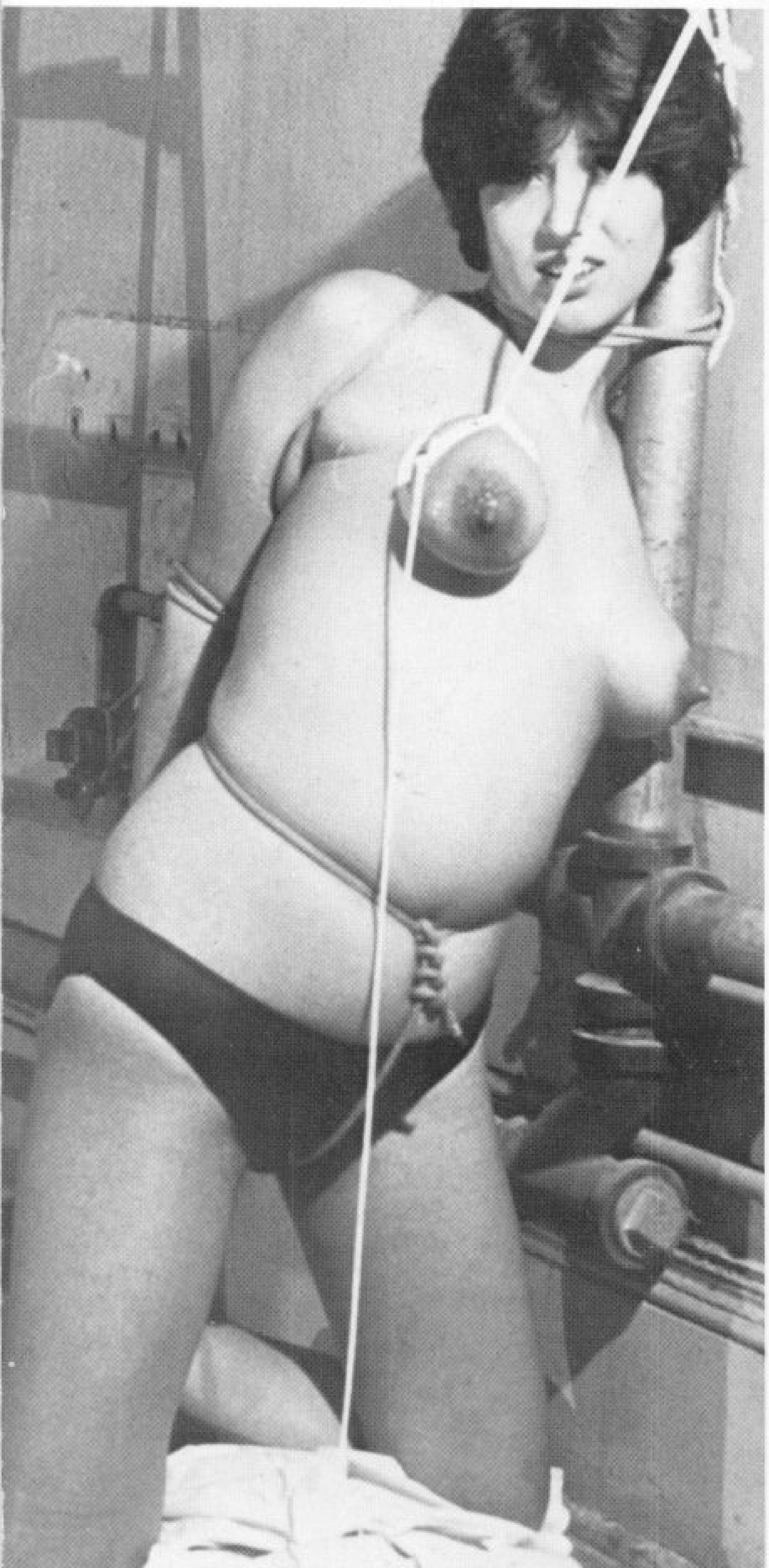
Supposing Jim liked them tied? □



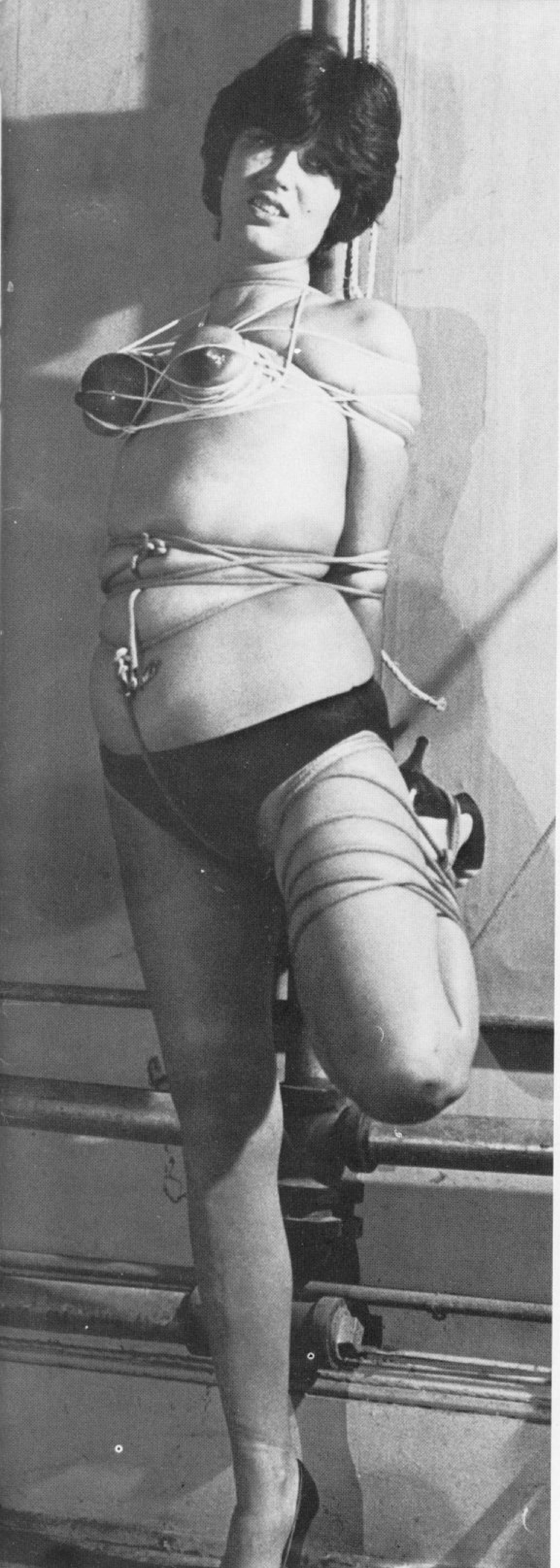






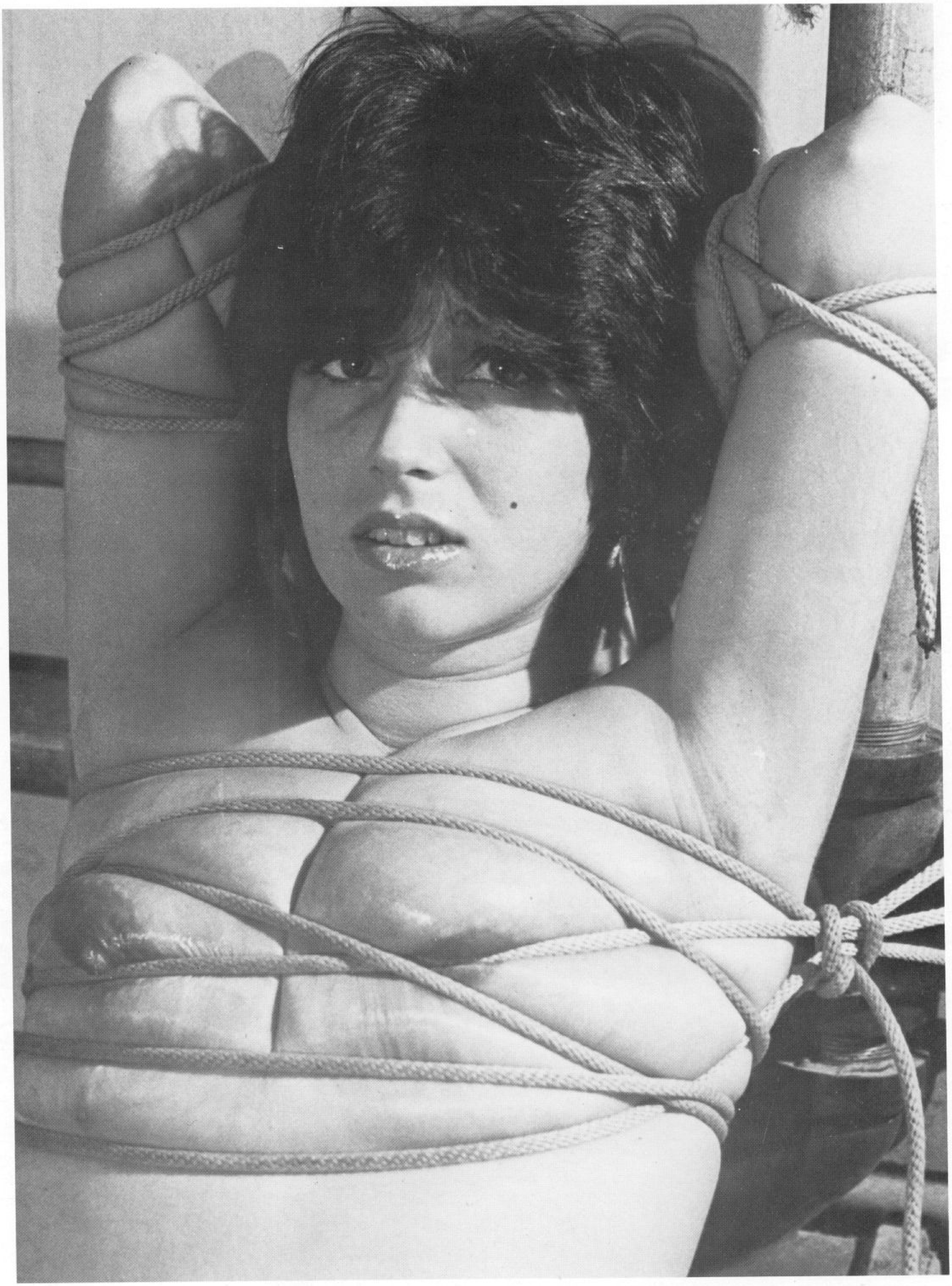












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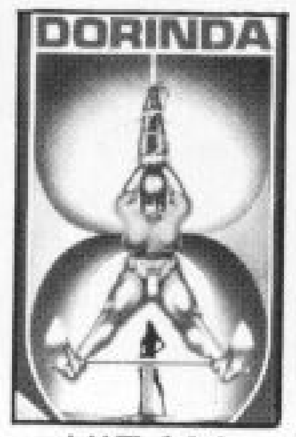


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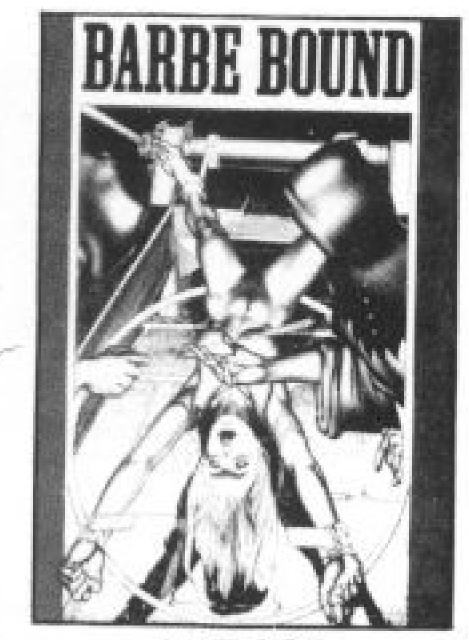
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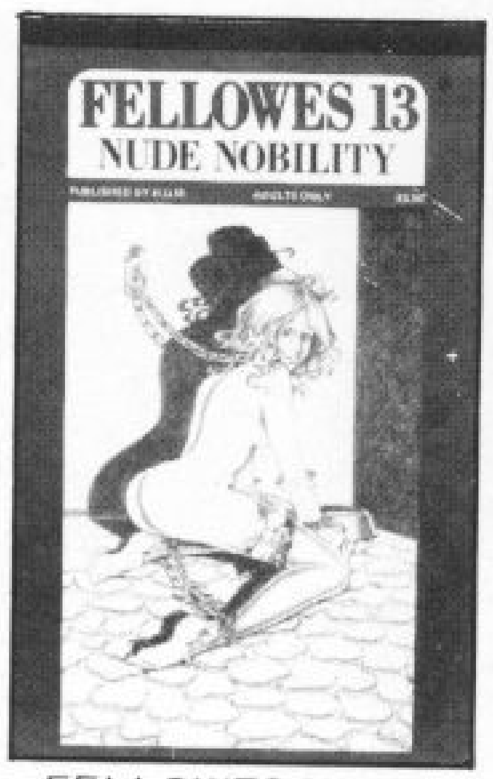


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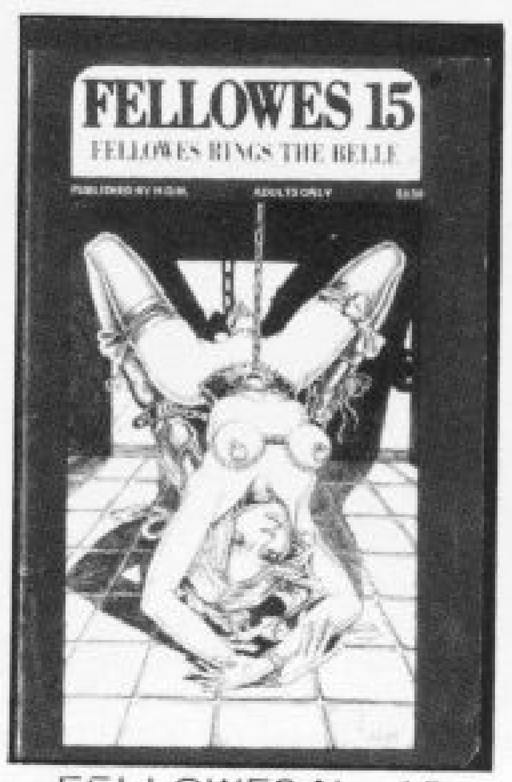
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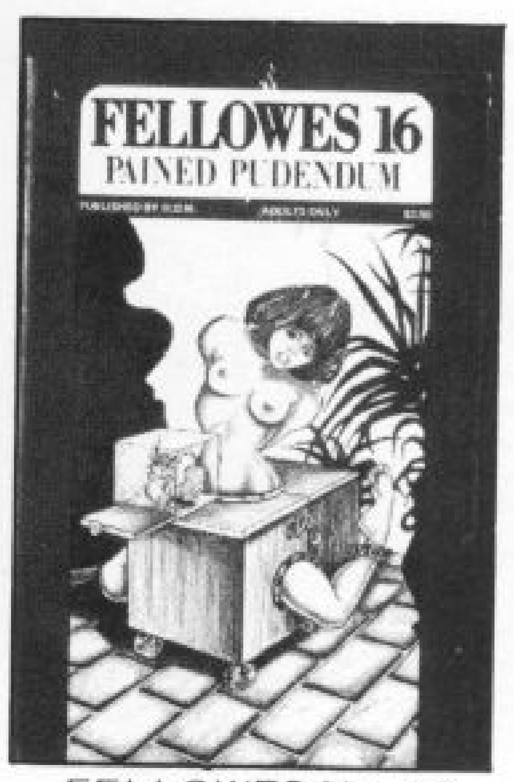
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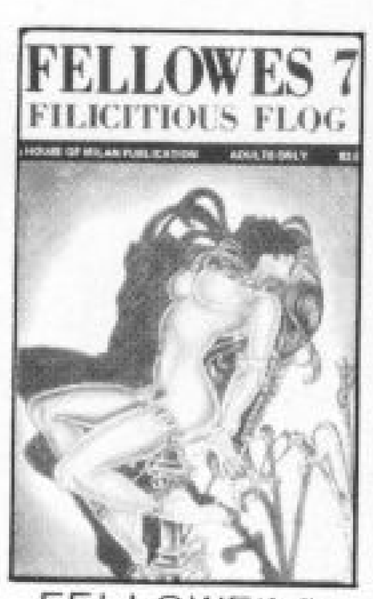
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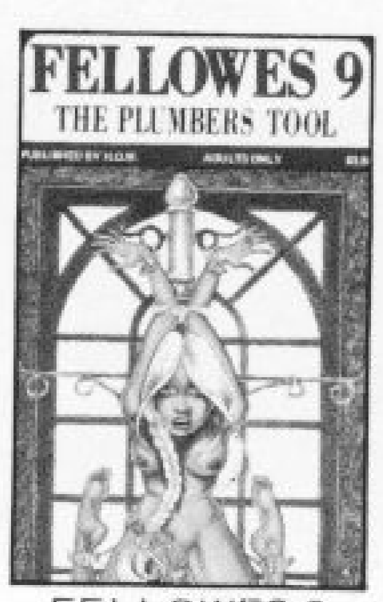
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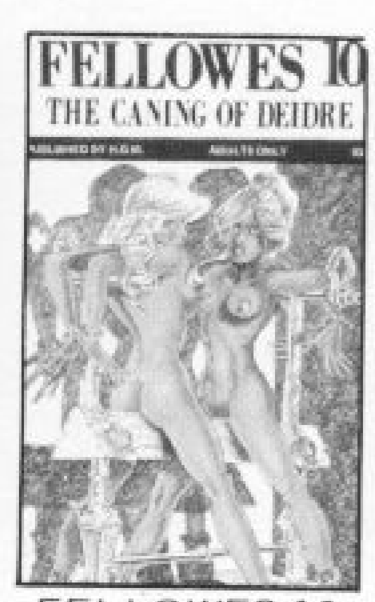
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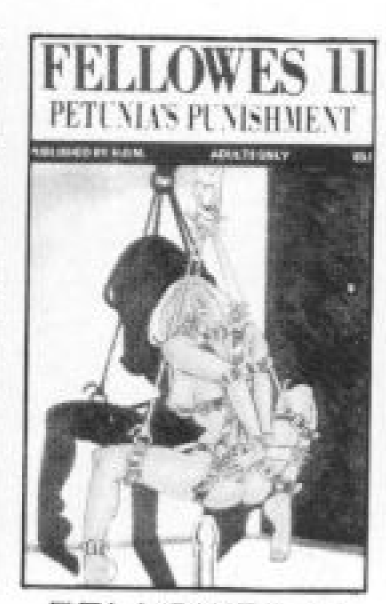
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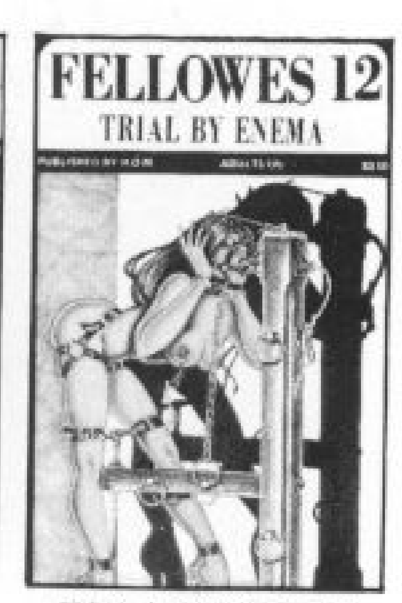
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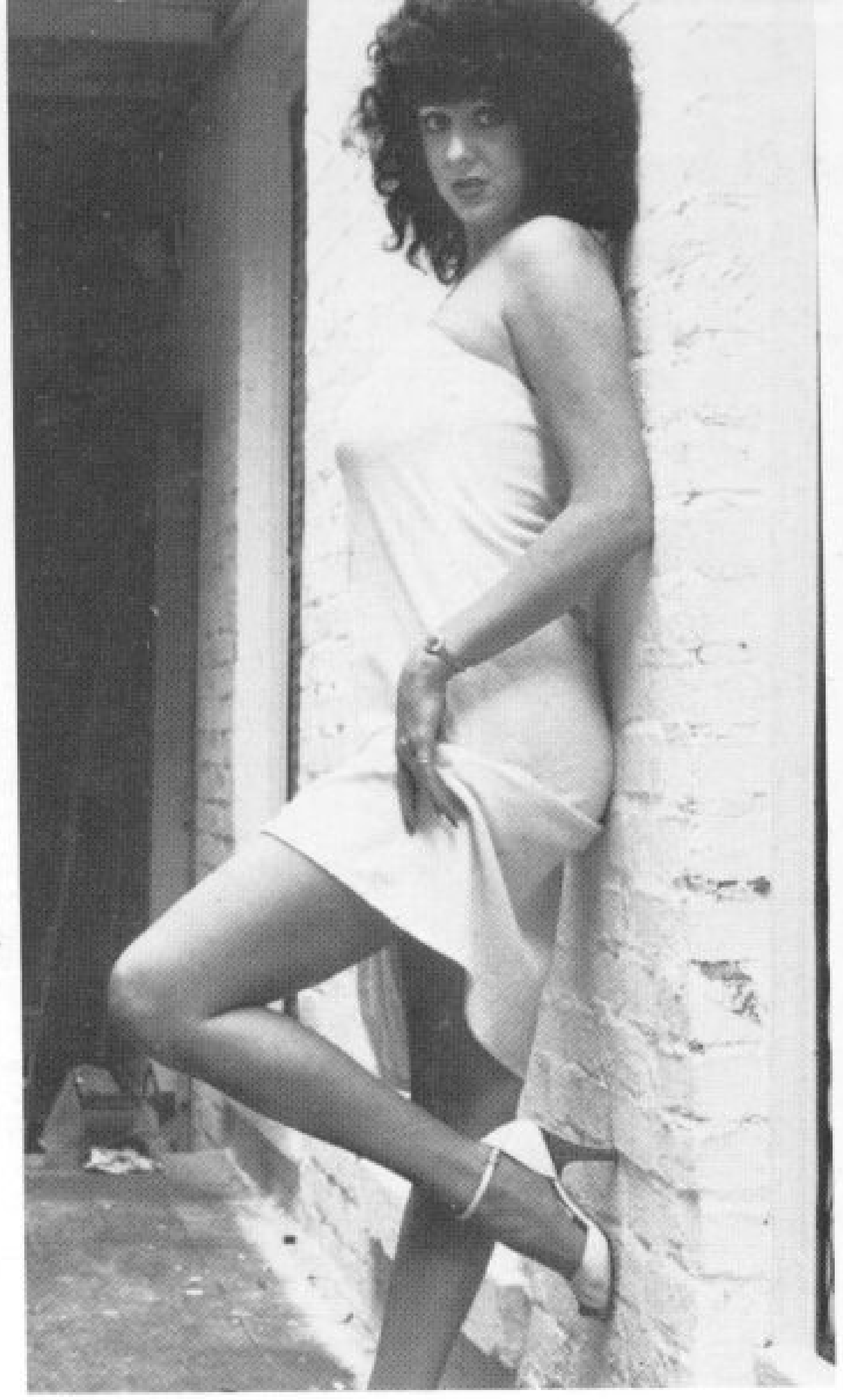
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THE PICKUP

Sometimes, to myself, I call them 'mammaries'. I Get so tired of 'boobs' and 'tits'. But mammary sounds special and, after all, they are my great assets. Boy, what I can do and what I can get with my breasts! They're far better than a gold mine, and there's two of them! Two Beauties. My name's Suzie-Mae. So, to me, my left nipple is Suzie and the right one is Mae. I tell only my really best friends.

I wear a white sheath, it really sets me off. Tight over my tits, breasts moulded, tapering around my knees with enticing promise! That reaches out and grabs the boys . . . and some girls too!

I have a favourite spot. It gets me action. They look a bit surprised when I tell them about bondage. Most know already. But, hell, looking at my boobs, they'd take up mountain climbing!

But I'm not too sure about this chap. He's the studious type and after he's tied my hands behind the post, he steps back and sort of measures the possibilities. I don't tell him what they are; he can find out for himself. But one thing's for sure: he likes my breasts---mammaries to you and me!

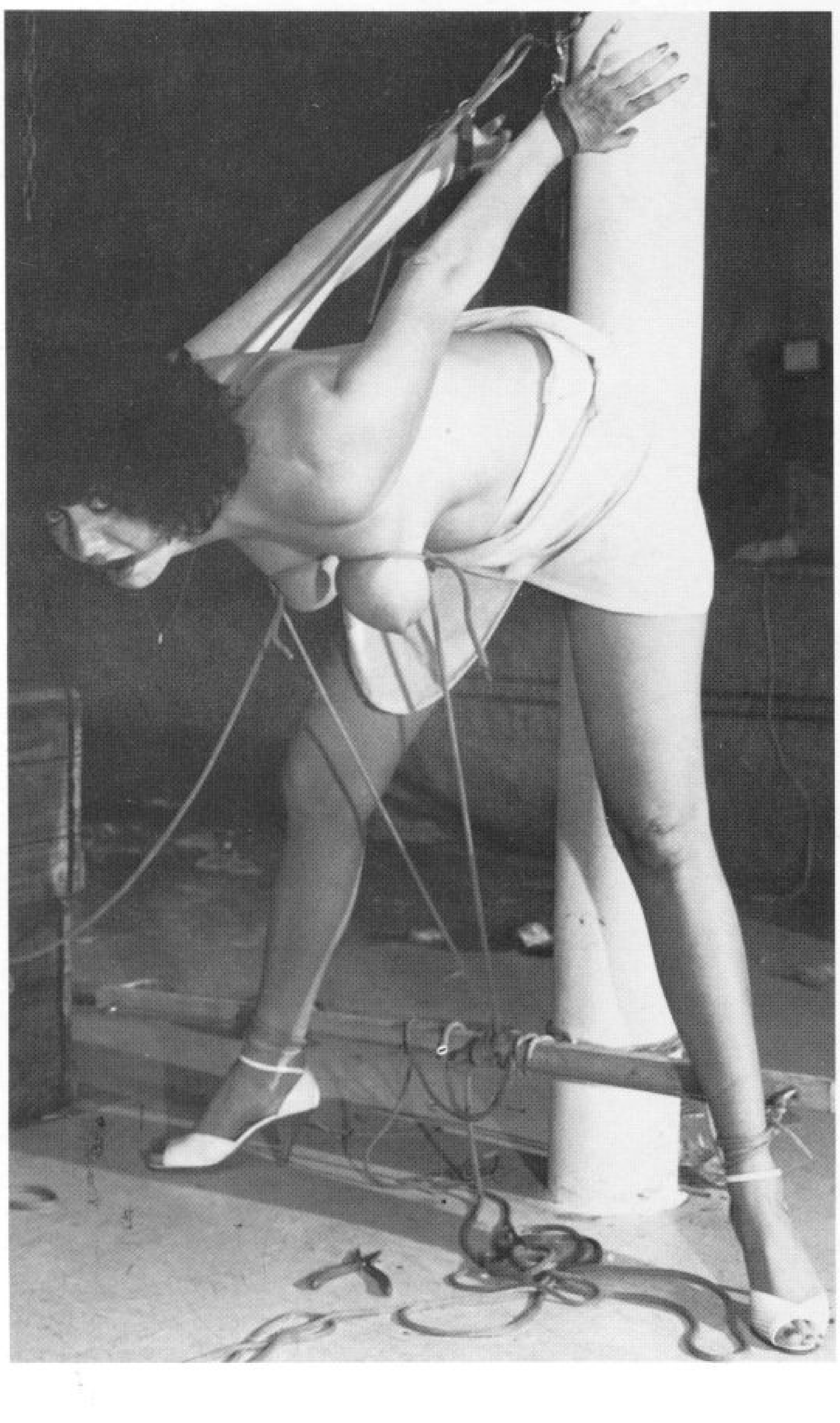
"You do this all the time, eh?" Like they say in books, his eyes scorch my flesh, and there's quite a lot of it showing. "Would you agree that pain is implicit in the act?"

Formal as all get out. But I say, "Yes, I understand and a little pain can be exciting."

"I was thinking of more than a little."

Damn, he's got an erection already! I can see it in his pants. And he takes away my box and ties my hands half way up to the third floor. This puts my mammaries way down in the sub-basement and isn't













a bit kind to my shoulders. But it's exciting for both of us. He's such a gentleman! I hope he isn't too kooky. For sure he likes change. "A little bit of horsey-horsey." First thing I know, the box is back and my legs are tied down either side. Then up go my arms again . . . and if this is horsebacking they can have my share cheap.

"A girl's nipples are excellent subjects," he says in a reflective tone. "Erogenous, of course, but with a susceptibility to pain. I suppose you've experimented?"

"Well, yes . . . but what had you in mind?" I gasp this out as I'm in a rather difficult position.

"Pain without distortion," says my new buddy. "We get two small nooses . . ."

"We sure do! One for each of my tits. The cords go up to the ceiling. My academic young man pulls and pulls. When he has finished pulling I have to sit the horsey-horsey with my front bowed way out. I can't lean back against that post. Not any more!

"These are just a prelude," says my friend.

"Could we play it a bit more softly?" I enquire politely.

"We have scarcely started, dear girl, the possibilities of your frontal equipment are enticing. I am considering a configuration."

"I don't mind that one where a rope bisects my pussy."

"Stereotyped, hackneyed." He dismisses my pubic hair with a wave of his hand. A young woman's breasts have a far greater potential. But the final effect we strive for must be pleasing with relation to the whole."

For a moment I'm not sure how he spells that last word. But when Suzie gets herself looped and artistically moulded I realize where his interest lies. Next it's poor Mae's turn. He lets my tits loose and ties up my mammaries as though he's scared they're going to take off and run. I get the damndest hots when I look down at what he's done and what I've got. We should take out a patent. Golly, underneath a dress! A girl could own the world.



"I trust you're pleased with the effect?" He's real concerned.

"They're gorgeous. Thank you!"

"A pleasure. Of course, there are other confinements. They are such worthy subjects."

"I like them the way they are, Mr. . . . er . . . Mr.? . . .

"My name does not matter. We will now move on to the logical sequence."

Logic my ass! He takes my lovely mammaries and carefully ropes them down like some Victorian Miss trying to prove she's virtuous. "We call this the twin flats," he tells me soberly as he pulls all the ropes a little tighter until I have a rope bra that gives me the damndest sensation when I try to breathe. My tits manage to get through the network, and actually perk.

"Ever tried whipping a girl's bottom?" I ask in the hope of getting my mammaries back into shape. "It's lots of fun if you don't do it too hard."

"A crass pursuit for the uninitiate. It has a value only for discipline." He suddenly looks interested. "Would you happen to have been a bad girl lately?"

"Yes," I say without hesitation. "And if you can't find a proper whip almost anything will do. But would you first mind untying -- ?"

"This is not a subterfuge, by chance, is it?"

"Gosh no!" I don't even know what a subterfuge is, but I'm all for it if it will get my mammaries back into shape.

"Perhaps we can make an appointment for your derriere on another day. I prefer to use an English cane. In the meantime . . . . "

In the meantime he yanks and yanks until I'm not sure I'll ever have any mammaries again. He actually notices my nipples, when he strokes one I nearly bust all my bonds. Wow! I wonder if corsets had that effect long ago! "I'm horny," I tell him. "How about it?"

"I'll put clips on your nipples," he says kindly. "That always inhibits."

Boy, what a pick-up he turned out to be! □





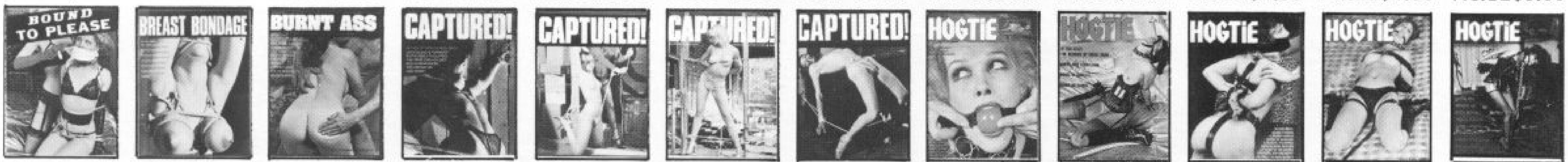


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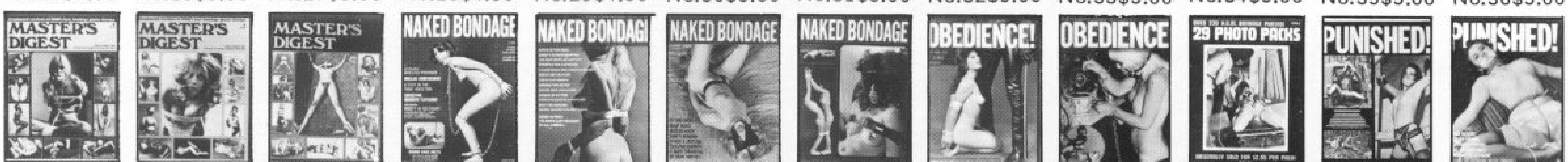
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THE PRIMER

Dolly's a big girl. But big isn't the right word. It's just that there's a lot of her. But that's not right either. It's because everything she's got is such high quality and a guy can't help looking at it. Her boobs enter a room first and rest of all those lovely high class parts follows. The effect is devastating -- at least on me!

"You mustn't be scared of her," said Corby. "She wants to be laid. Do it."

"I couldn't possibly!" I looked at him askance.

"You mean you can't get it up?"

"No it's not that . . . in fact --"

"Look, Homer," said Corby earnestly. "Dolly's into B&D. Let's give her a going over and break the ice."

"That's where you tie each other up?"

"Not each other -- HER! I'll do the work. When she can't twitch I'll leave you to put the blocks to her."

"But, Corby, no gentleman -- !"

"Oh, horseshit, Homer!"

Really, Corby is just too much! But that's how this got started.

"Aren't my breasts nice, Homer?" Dolly cooed. "You will rope them up, won't you Corby dear?"

Corby 'dear' was all too willing. I stood amazed. Dolly clothed is incredible. Naked she is breathtaking. Naked and bound! I was forced to a quick and strategic recollection of where Corby's bathroom was located. Where Dolly is concerned I am very human.

"Don't forget the one through my cunt, Corby," Dolly trilled.

I pretended not to hear. I could not, however, fail to witness the remarkable phenomenon as Corby tugged a coarse strand between my darling's legs so that it neatly bisected that feature of her female person which no one with a nice upbringing would normally see. Dolly said, "Mmmm!" and "Ahhh!" in a way that left no doubt as to her response.

"Isn't it lovely, Homer?" Dolly breathed.

"It's best they don't talk," said Corby. "Broads babble."

My adored lady made no demur at the sight of the horrific appliance Corby now produced. In fact, she opened her mouth for the rubber ball and tossed her curls to facilitate the buckling of the strap at the nape of her neck.

"Submissive and tractable," said Corby. "That's the way to keep a girl." He gave me another earnest look. "When you marry her you should whip her at least once a week."





"Mmmmm!" gurgled my love.

Imagine my feelings! The sound Dolly had just contrived behind her gag was unquestionably one of approval. I closed my eyes in delicate distress, but all I saw then was Dolly with a scarlet striped back. The feminine libido is, I fear, an erotic mystery to me.

"Bound boobs are beautiful," said Corby.

He proceeded to do things to my darling's frontal appurtenances that I would never have supposed possible. I have always supposed them a facility for lactation, but perhaps . . . .

"She loves it," said Corby, busy with rope.

I must confess that Dolly showed no signs of distress. In fact, she was visibly helping, standing erect and thrusting out her chest in a manner that evoked unseemly sensations in my private parts. I had no idea girls were so beautiful! But perhaps it's just Dolly!










"Lotsa' rope," Corby enthused. "Makes 'em know they're loved."

I could never have done it myself. The places where he pulled those ropes! In fact I hadn't even known about some of the places! Dolly wriggled wantonly and made sweet wet sounds behind the ball.

"I fear the rope . . . er, below . . the one between. Could it not injure?" I asked hesitantly, concerned for my beloved's well-being.

"The one through her cunt, Homer?"

"Are there no synonyms?" I floundered.

"You can't hurt a good cunt, Homer," Corby assured me expansively. "They're made to take it. Fabricated for friction, one might say."

I cannot feel that Corby's penchant for alliterative vulgarity excuses his familiarity with Dolly's most private portions. However, I do have to admit that this experience is taking me into realms and possibilities of which I had never dreamed. Dolly's breasts are now so ripe and protuberant as the cords circle and enlarge, I am reminded of melons. Corby constantly allows his fingers to flutter across them in a most unnecessary intimacy which evokes from my love a series of sounds and motions which, I fear, may cause her shame in retrospect.

"Always cinch their belly tight," said Corby. "They like it. Holds their attention."

"But you're hurting her!" I expostulated.

"Nggggn!" gurgled my adored.

"Pain is of the essence, Homer," Corby said with authority. "In bondage always tie her elbows, and tie 'em tight. Watch how I pull 'em back and the rope sinks way in. A few hours with their elbows roped and the little dears will do anything you want."

"Corby, it's hurting her!"

"Grrrgh," bubbled my darling.

"She wants for you to shut up, Homer," Corby translated. "There, the job's done! Beauty in bonds, and she's all yours! Bye now."

Corby's gone. And Dolly's looking at me!

What do I do now! □

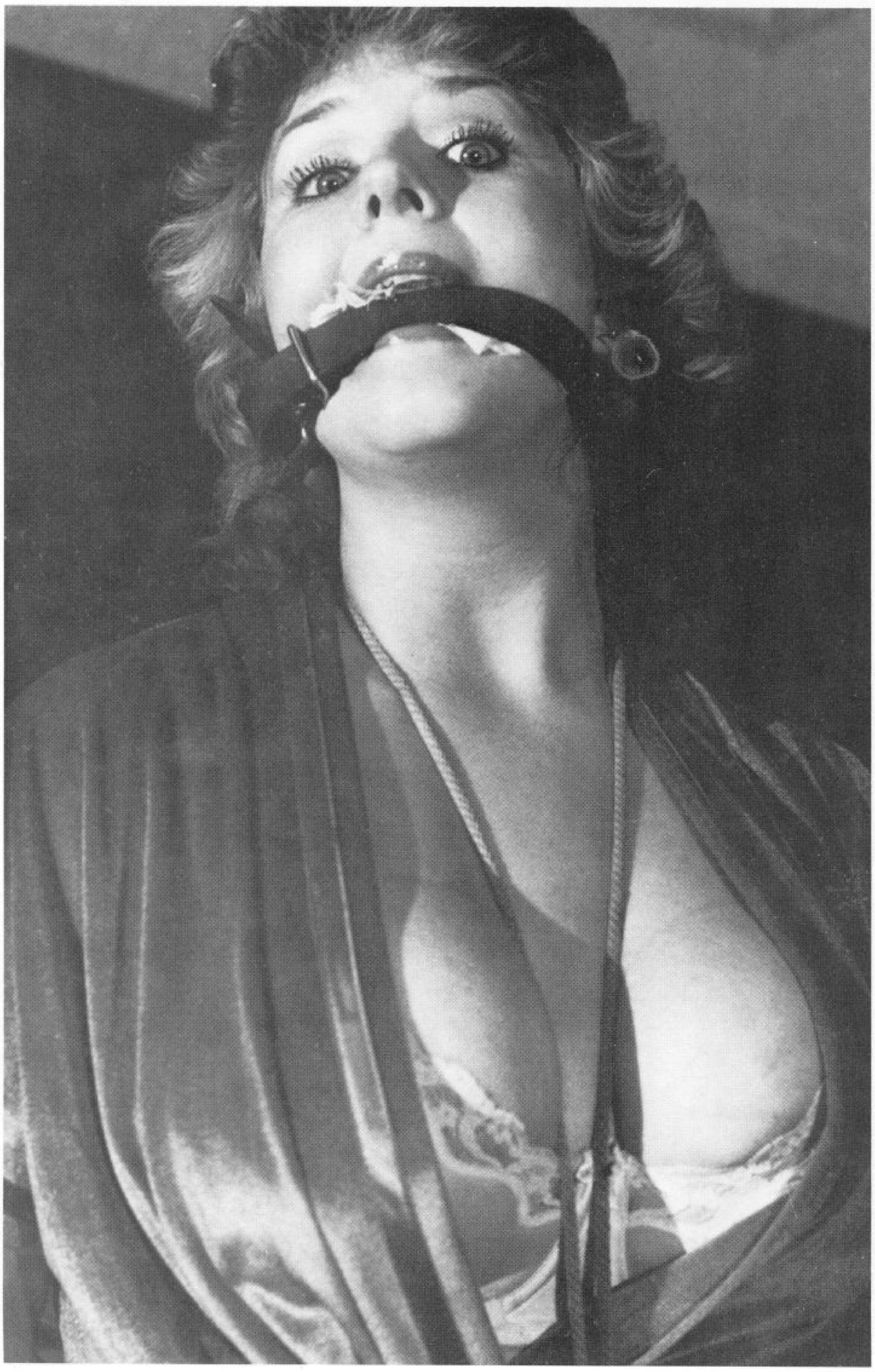




SEE PAGE 42

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

She spoke out of turn···and suffered.







"Not another full day, James. No way."

"Too late, sweetheart. Stick your leg out and stop beefing."

I suppose that's as good a start as any. It's typical. I beef and James pays no attention. I stick my leg out, and I know it's too late to get loose, but a girl can always try. "Look, leave my breasts alone, I had enough of that yesterday."

"A full week, sweetheart, that's your sentence. And every bit of you gets used. What's wrong with a bit of bondage on your boobs!"

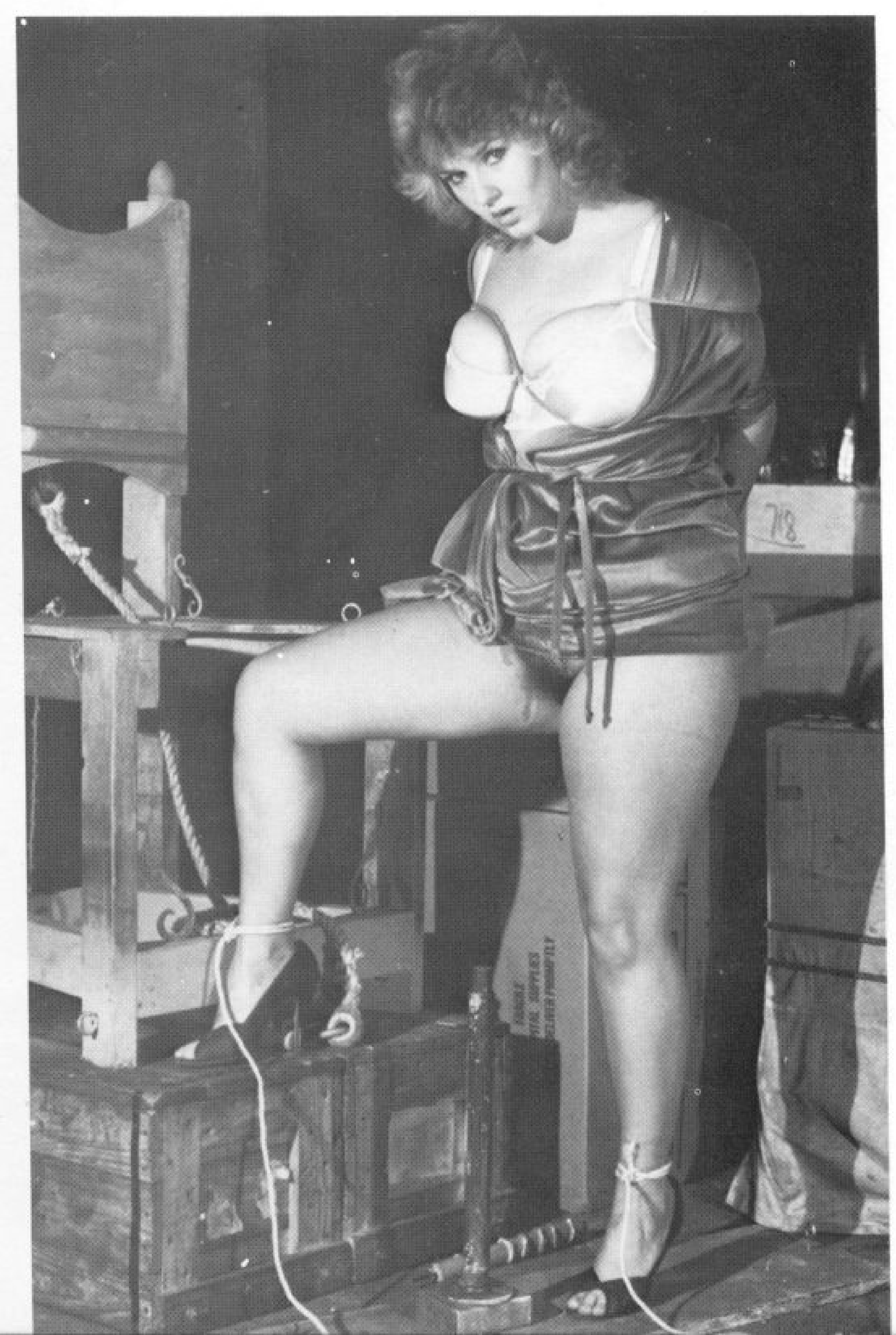
"Don't call them that! It's vulgar. They're breasts, and the bit on the end is a nipple, not a tit, and I absolutely don't want --- "

"Shut up."

Once he starts on me I don't have a chance. It's all my own fault, I adore being bound! But there's binding and binding, and James never knows where to stop. He's got a thing about breasts. He's goofy about them, and one thing I don't need is a tied nipple. We all know what nipples are for, and it certainly isn't rope! It took me a long time to get reconciled to what James does to my pussy. The first time he threaded a rope right inside I thought I'd die! Like I told him: there's other things supposed to in there. But James just laughed. James is laughing now.

"Makes them twice the size, sweetheart."

"I don't want them twice the size, I like them the way they are James! Stop it! Don't do that!"

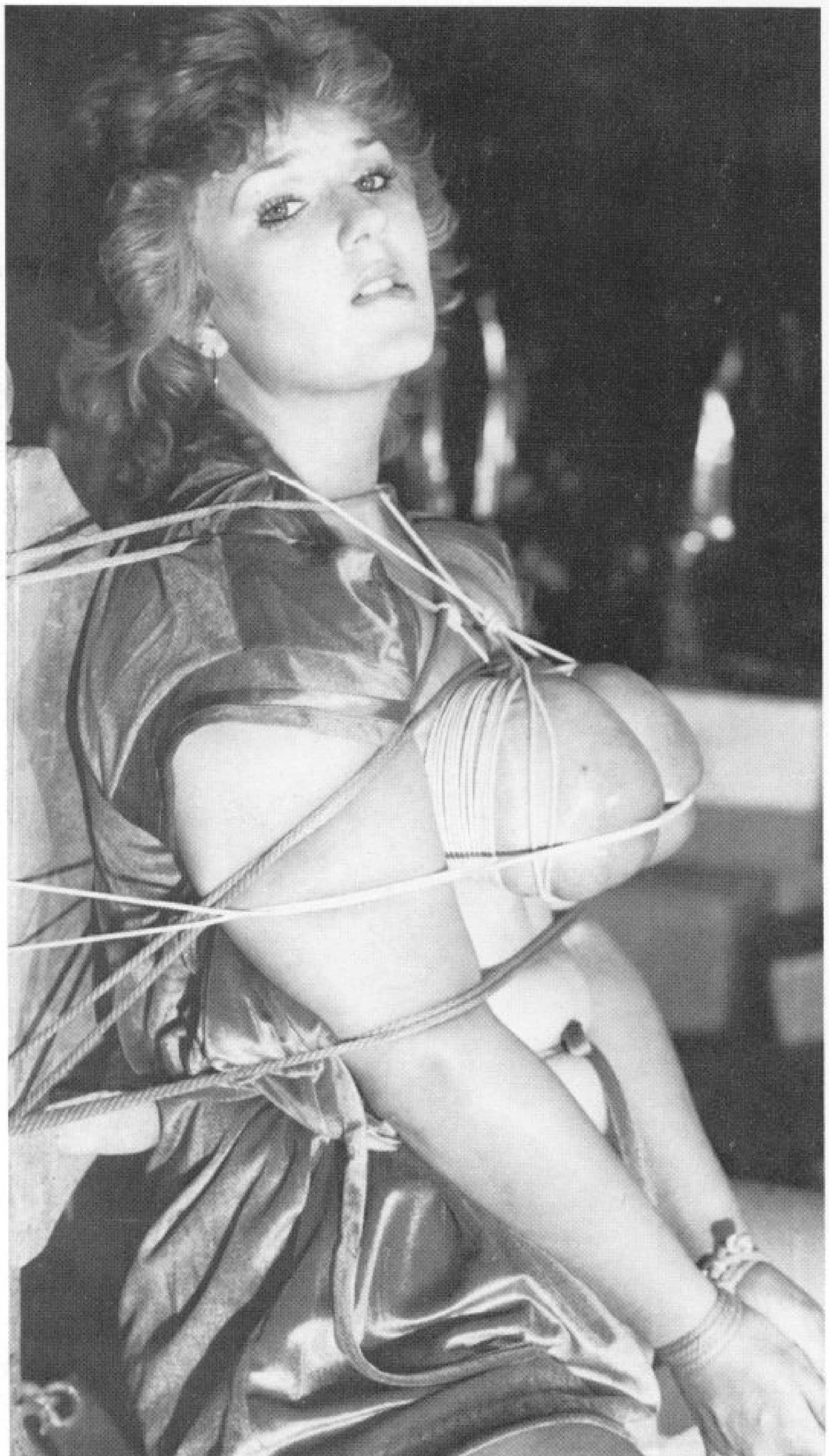














"Want to go home to mother, baby?"

"You know I can't go home to mother! I can't go anywhere. James, let's call it a day. Let's start afresh tomorrow when you're not obsessed by my two things in front. If you'd let me loose we could make a little love."

"We're going to do that later anyway, sweets. In the meantime you're going to get a new bust development. I want 'em way, way out!"

"Well, I don't! Bound boobs never was in the deal. I absolutely refuse --- James! James, what are you doing? What's that thing?"

"Just a silencer, Kitten. Open wide."

I hate gags. I mean, if a girl can't talk, what can she do! I make a lot of fuss over this one. I open my mouth and give James all the dirty looks I have in stock, but there are worse ways of keeping me quiet. I get the wad, I get the strap. When it's buckled I can make only noises. But I can sure make them. When loverboy wraps his rope around breast number one I give full vent: "Grrrr! Nnnnnngn! Uggggggg!"

He acts like he doesn't hear. That's what's so bad about being bound: I can't do a thing, not a cotton pickin' thing. Oh shit, I should have had this out with him before I let him use the first rope.

But it's such a lovely feeling. That moment when he circles my wrists and tightens the cords. I can feel







freedom slipping away, and I know I'll soon belong utterly to James. I'm careful not to tell him just how good it is, he's got me on the hook enough already. But I'd be in Paradise if only he'd keep away from my breasts with his ropes, and if he'd let me talk. Jeepers, I love to talk, and he mostly keeps me dumb. It isn't fair! Now, when I look down at my bulging boob I'm really and truly shocked, and I try to say so.

"Guggggggg! Brrrrrrr!"

James looks up with that affected air of martyrdom he loves. Right there I know I'm in trouble. With exaggerated patience he takes out the gag.

"I'm sorry, James. Please put the gag back, I'll behave."

"You're the gabbiest bound beauty I've ever bothered with," says James. "I've got a few things that could help . . . a cure, y'know."

Oh damn! He's invented something again. Shit, my wrists are tied, my tits are tied. My ankles are a mile apart with a rope through my cat and another around my waist. I mean, there's no way I can argue worth a damn. Uh-oh, James has just picked up something!

"James, what's that? What is it?"

"Stick your tongue out, sweets, way out!"

Hell, what's the use! I'm tied so tight I can hardly wiggle. I stick out my tongue and wonder if I'll ever get it back."

"Bill Sorensen made them, Kitten. He says Vera hasn't talked so little in years. Two bits of hardwood and two screws. Simple! Every home should have one. Now, push that tongue . . . ."

I'm scared. and I'm ashamed. Fancy having a lumber yard screwed on a girl's tongue! I'll still be able to make noises, but I'm not going to. No way!

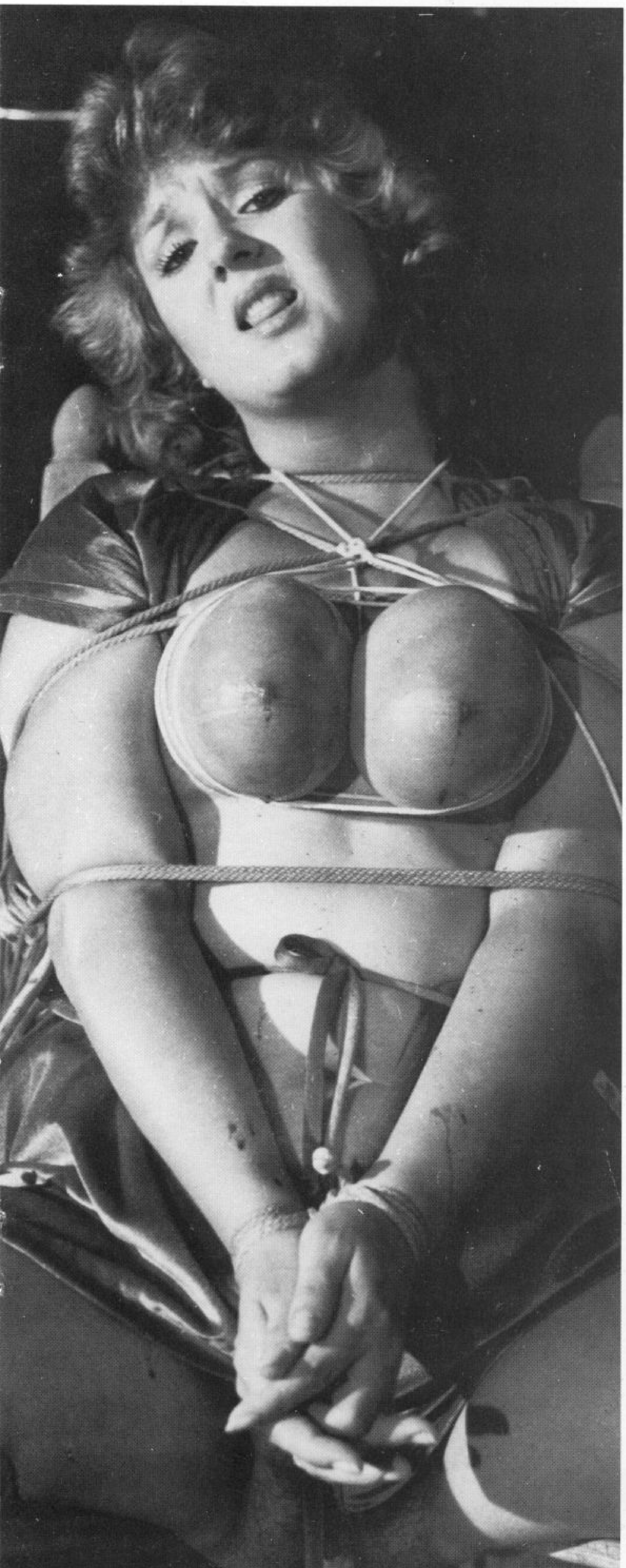
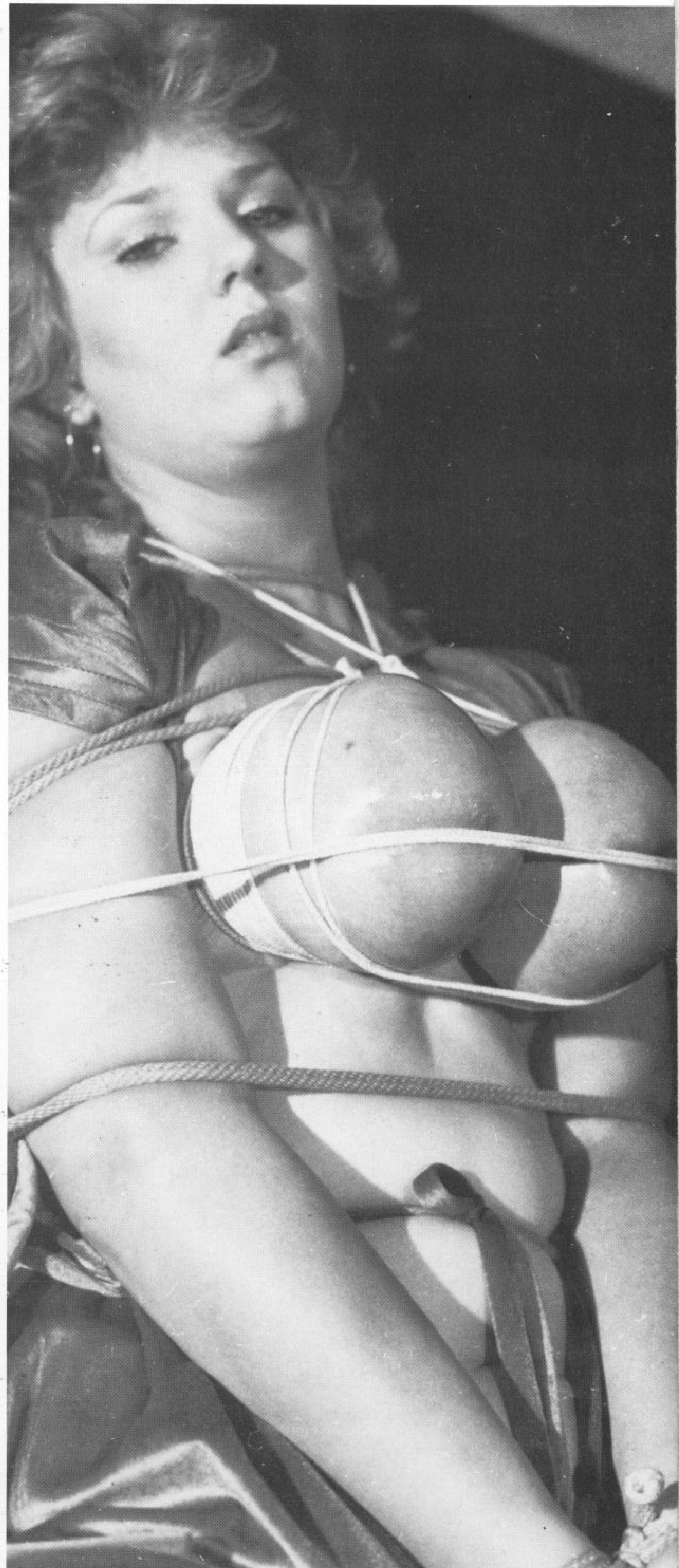
"I like it, kitten. You can stand it real tight. Here we go! And there's two more for your tits. It's a neat ensemble. That's right, dear, don't say a word."

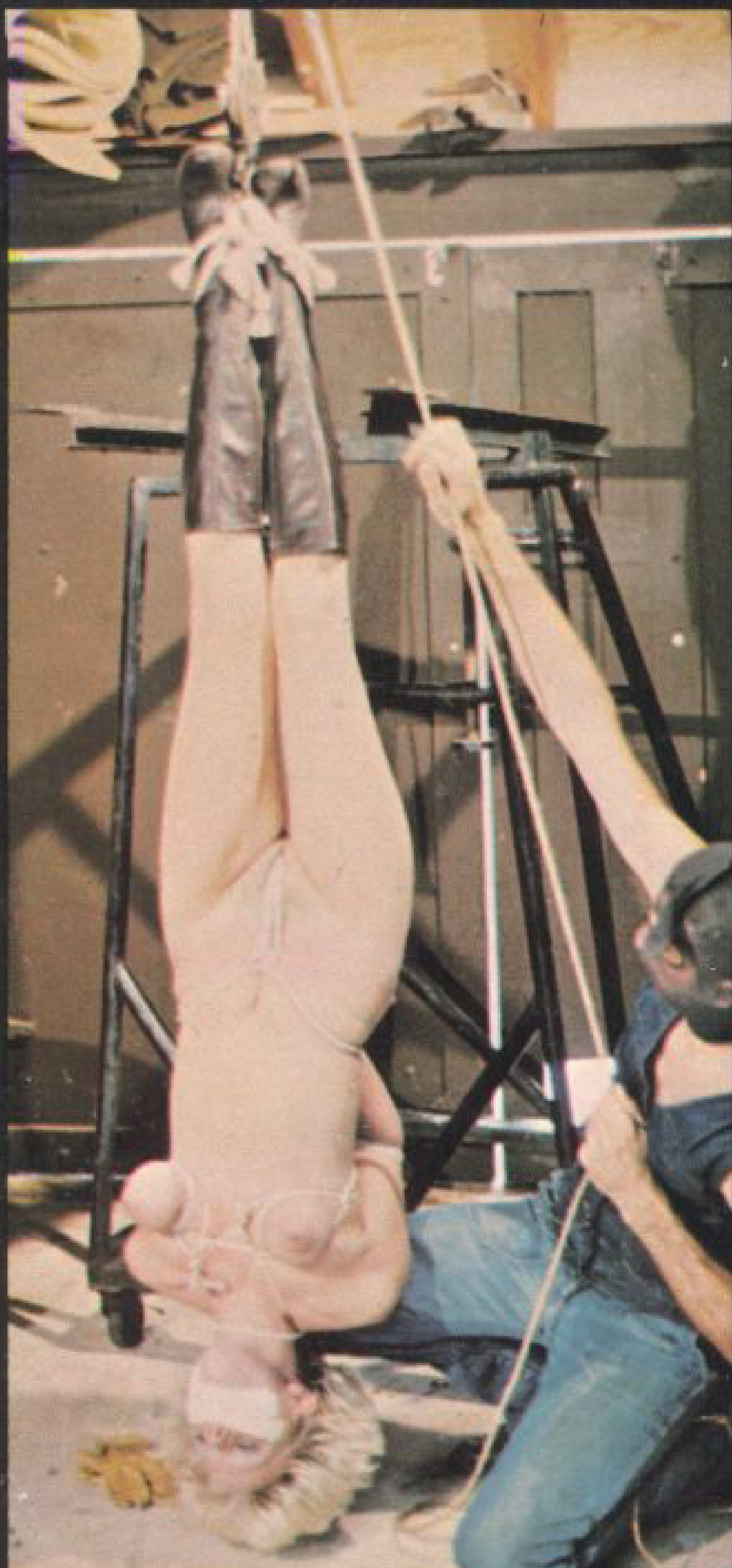
Funny, very funny! I'm clamped! But it's not all! He's got two baulks of timber for my breasts as well. Jeepers, I won't have a boob left.

"There'll be thirty minutes with the mousetraps, Kitten. Just to remind you about accepting your benefits in a good spirit."

This is not my day. Talk about tortured tits! That's dear little Kitty right now. James is absorbedly giving his full attention to tying up my other breast. It's a rather nice effect to start, but the bulge grows and grows! Holy cow, I don't know where all that breast comes from! If I was to turn around right now I'd knock over someone in Canada or Mexico. James is so happy. I struggle like crazy to make everything shiver and wobble. A lot of me does. The clamps dance, though not the one on my tongue. And my poor breasts! Jeepers! But aren't they lovely! If only I could talk I'd tell James what a good job he's done. Maybe he'd unclamp something, or untie something, I'd be grateful for anything. But I think James is trying to tell me something!

Silence is golden! □



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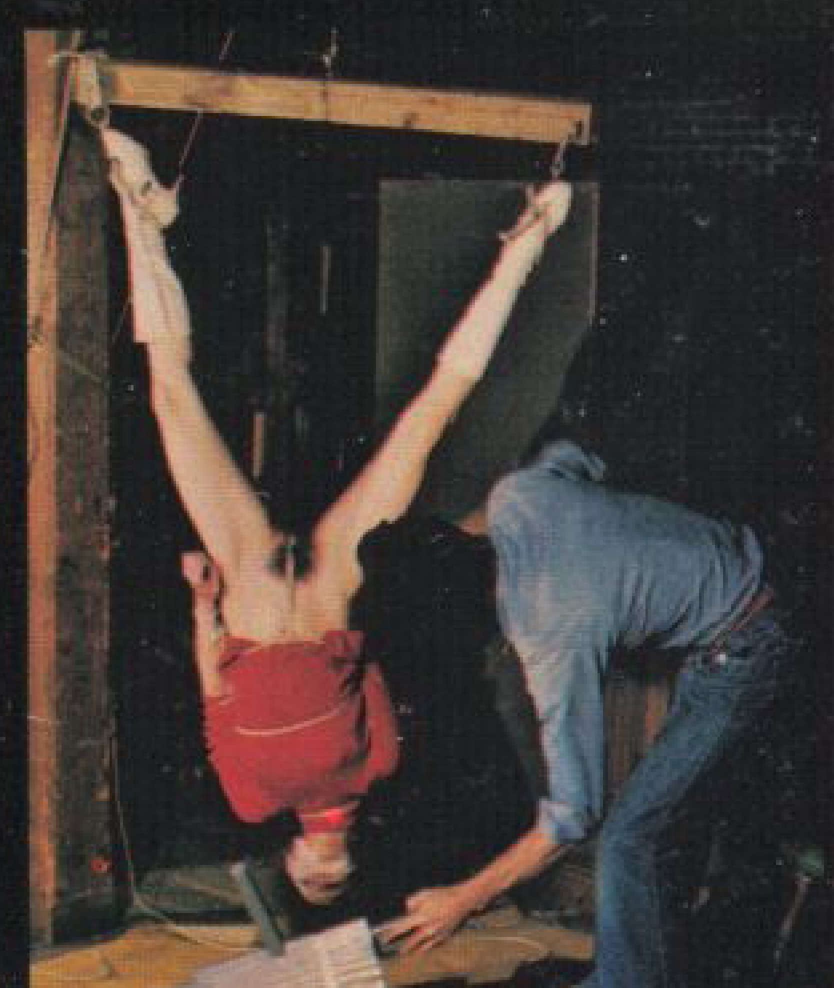
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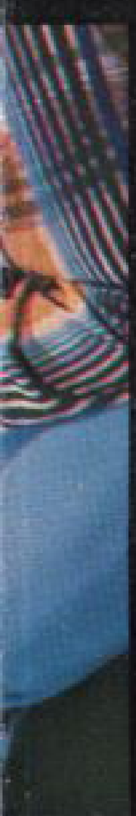
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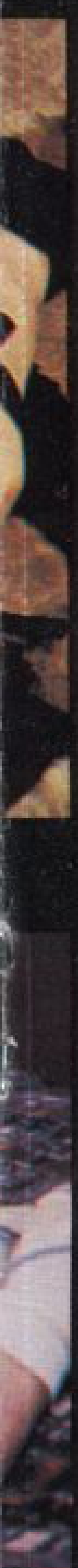
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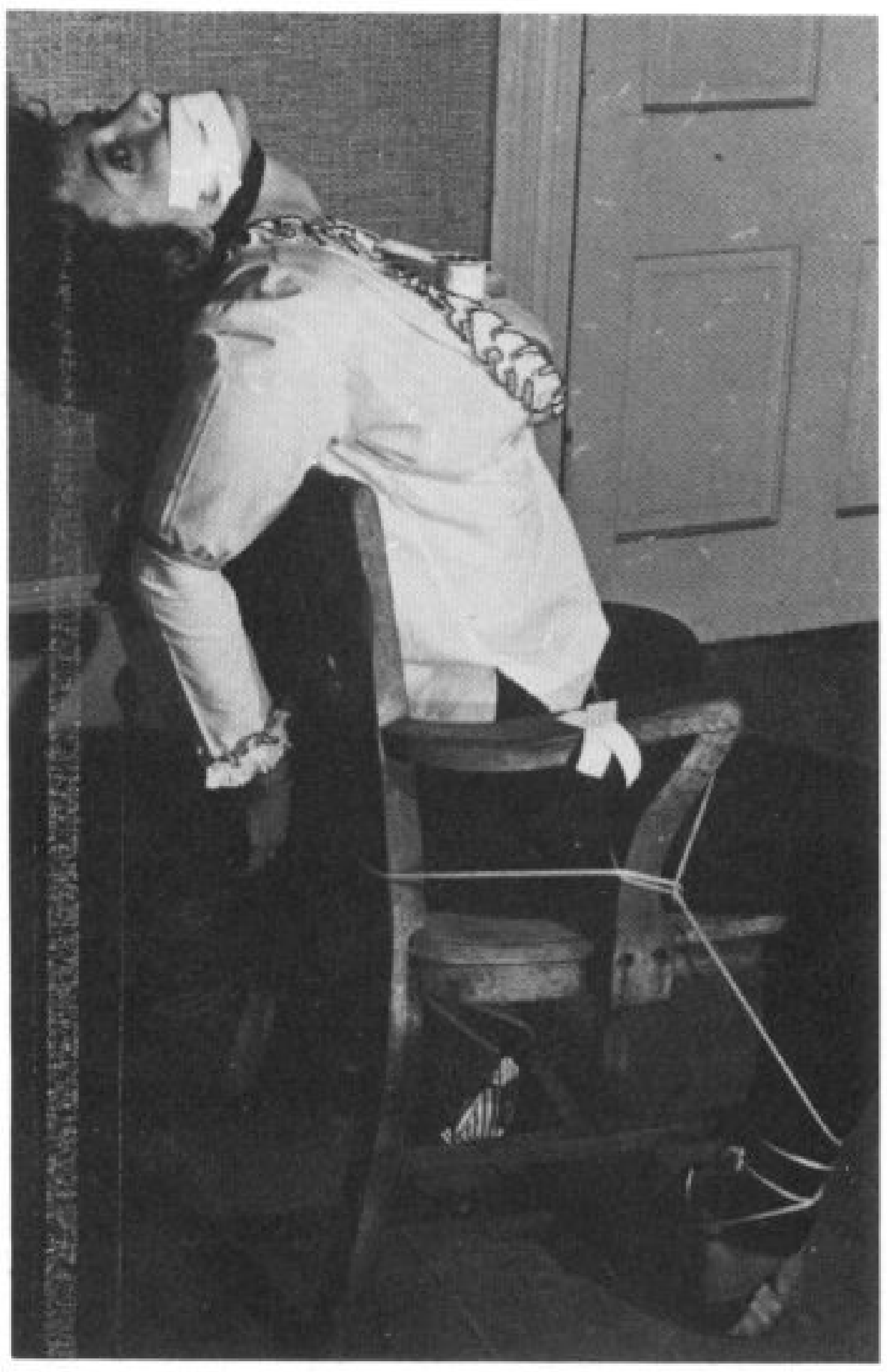
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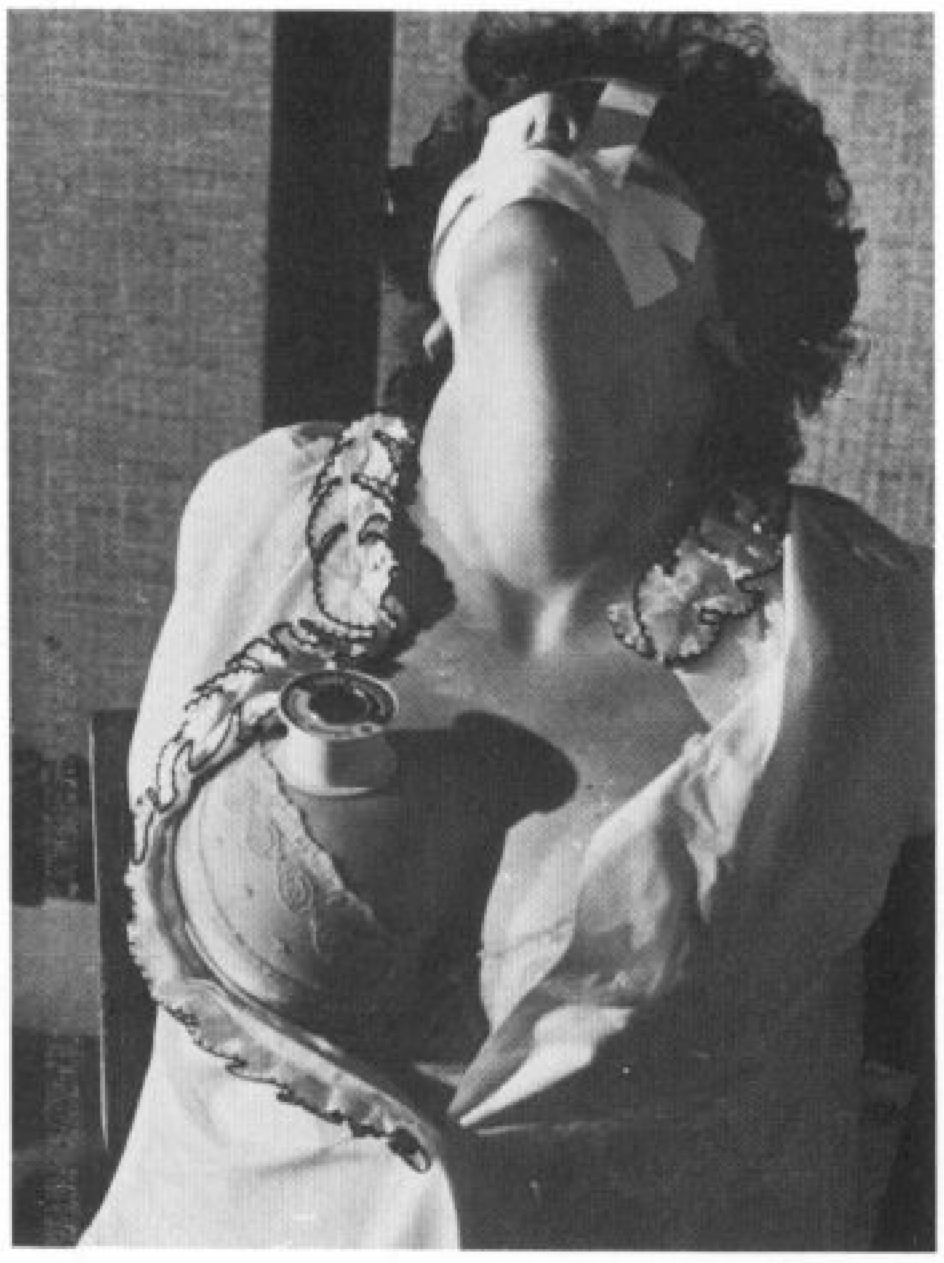
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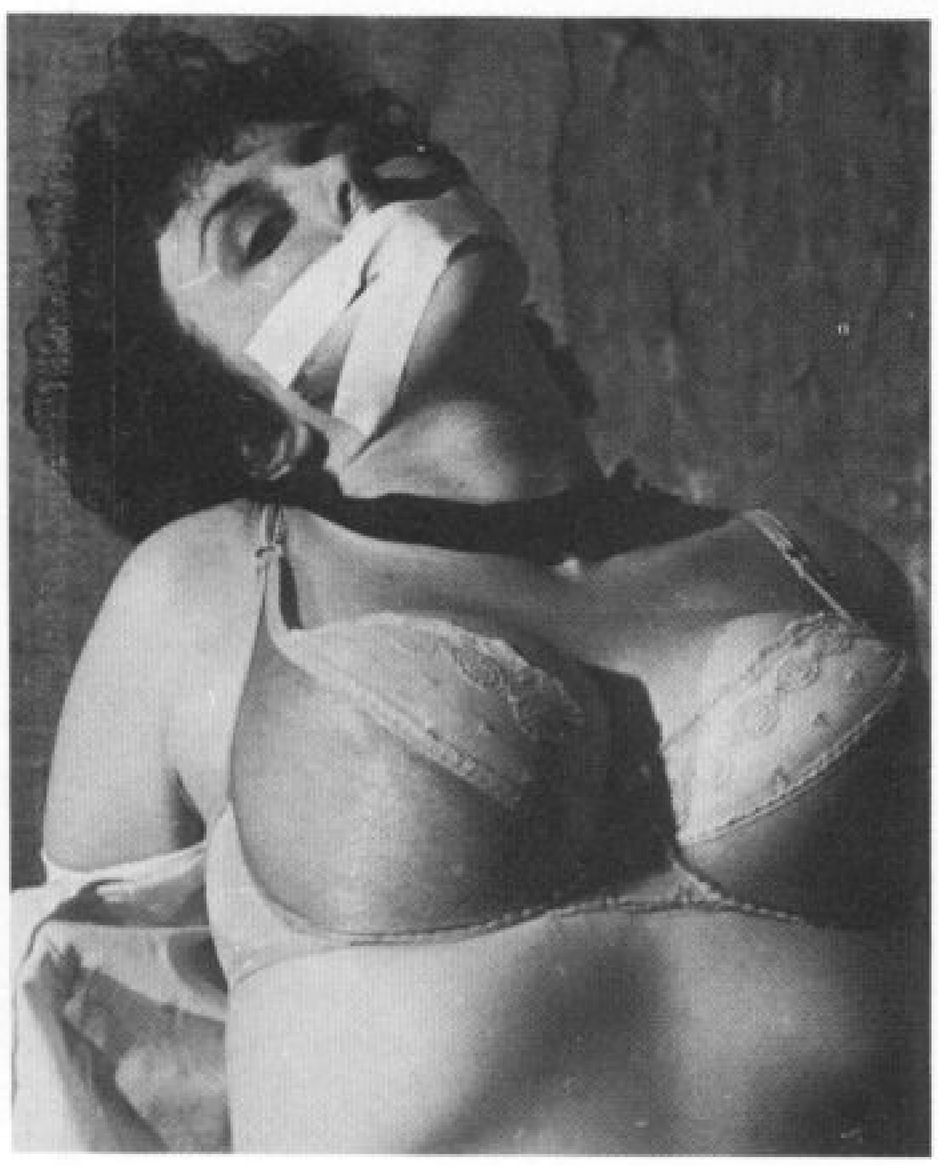
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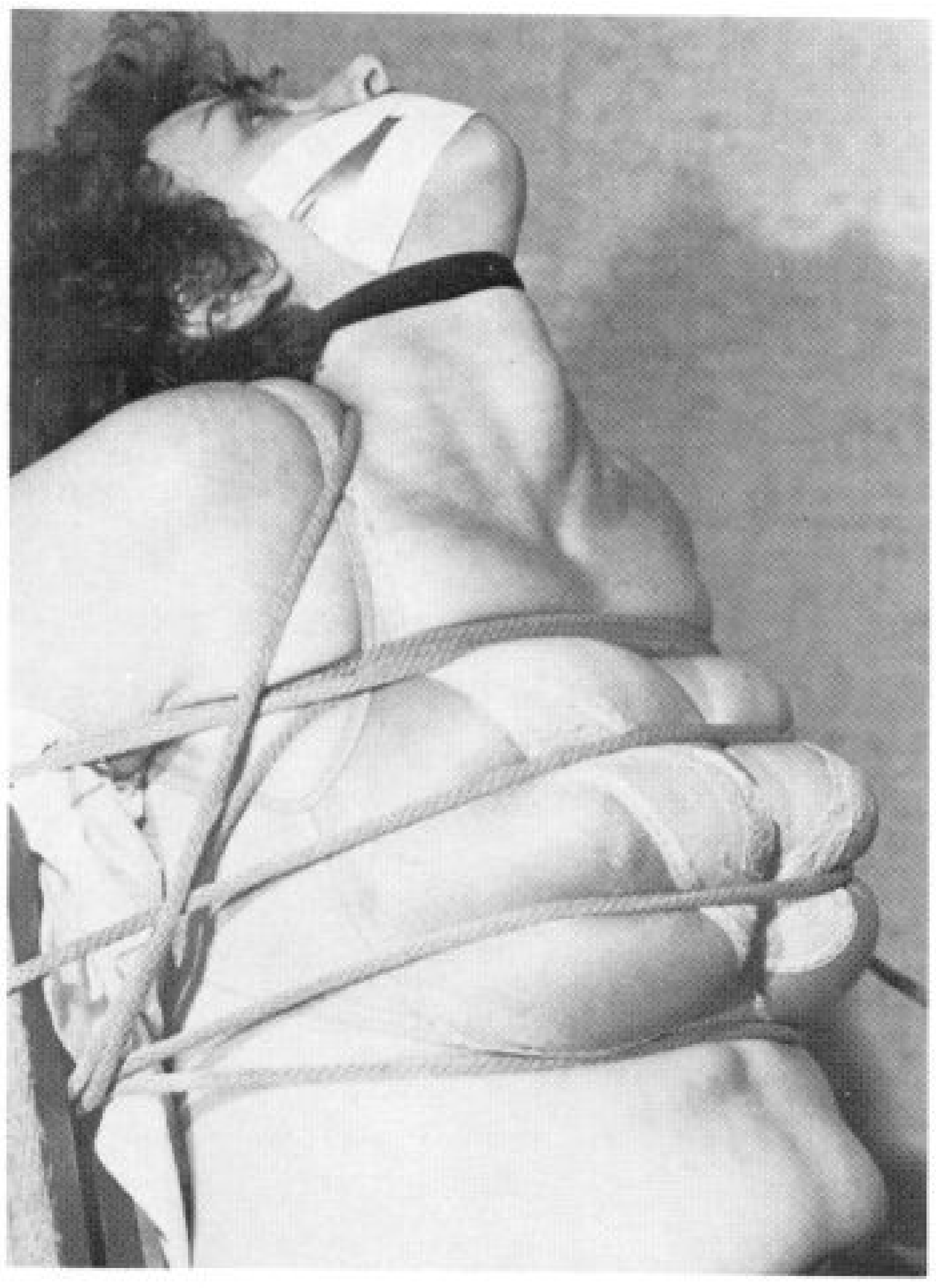




BOUND & EXCITED

Most of the time Lottie was proud of her breasts. They were a pair of honeys and got her a lot of whistles and even more propositions. But on Saturday afternoon she wished she hadn't got any. Saturday was her "bondage afternoon" with Winston. The bondage afternoon had become an institution. They adhered to it faithfully. It was understood that Winston liked to see her all tied up, and that she got a hot cat out of these attentions and made a much better lay afterwards. It was referred to as "therapy" or pulsa-

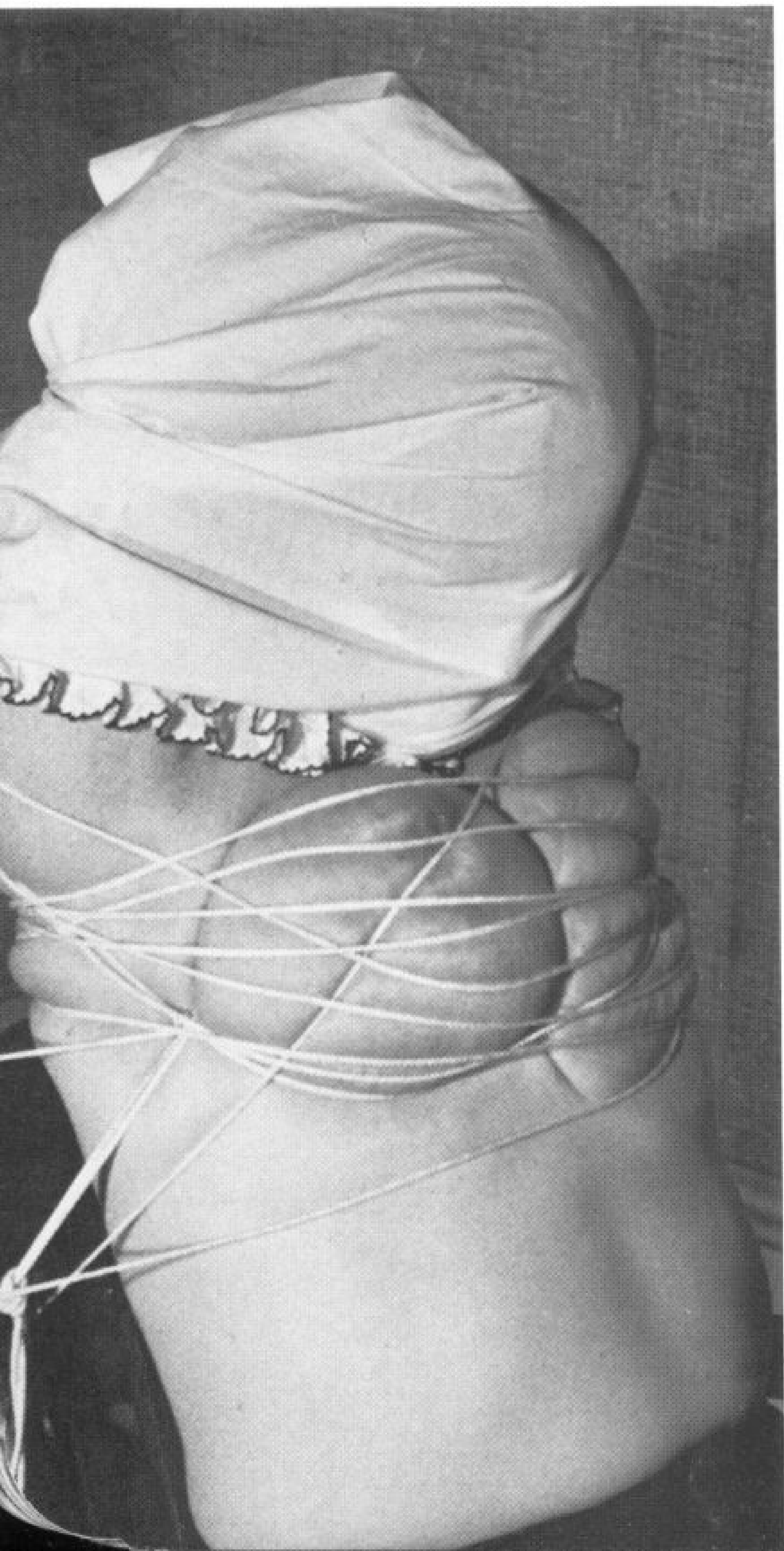










ting pussy" or the vulgar one of "cunt warmer". Whatever they called it, it was good. They figured it as worth at least three extra comes when they got around to it afterwards. Most of the time Winston got such a huge erection out of what he was doing to her that it even turned her on.

They had sort of graduated. There had been steps and stages. At first Winston had been most interested in her cunt. He had devised a number of ingenious ways to hurt it, or to bother it, or to get it excited. There had been some talk of "cunt stretcher", but this had been forgotten when he turned his attention to her bottom. This had started out with spanking, but this got both of them so excited in such close proximity that they had to lay off and do what Winston called: "knock off a chunk", which meant they went to sleep after and cut into their Saturday. So the next step was the riding crop. They had gone and bought it together. She was sure the clerk in the store knew damn well what it was going to be used for and exactly where. She emerged from the shop, blushing. But that blush was as nothing compared with the blush that the crop implanted on her behind when they got home. That crop had lasted them a long time, along with a whip or two and a paddle. There was also Winston's belt. She sort of liked the belt. It made a shocking 'thwack' across her bottom and hurt like blazes at the time, but it had a lovely personal quality. It was something of Winston's own, something from him to her. She never complained about Winston's belt.

But then Winston graduated to her breasts!

First time, she laughed. It was crazy! How could a guy tie up a

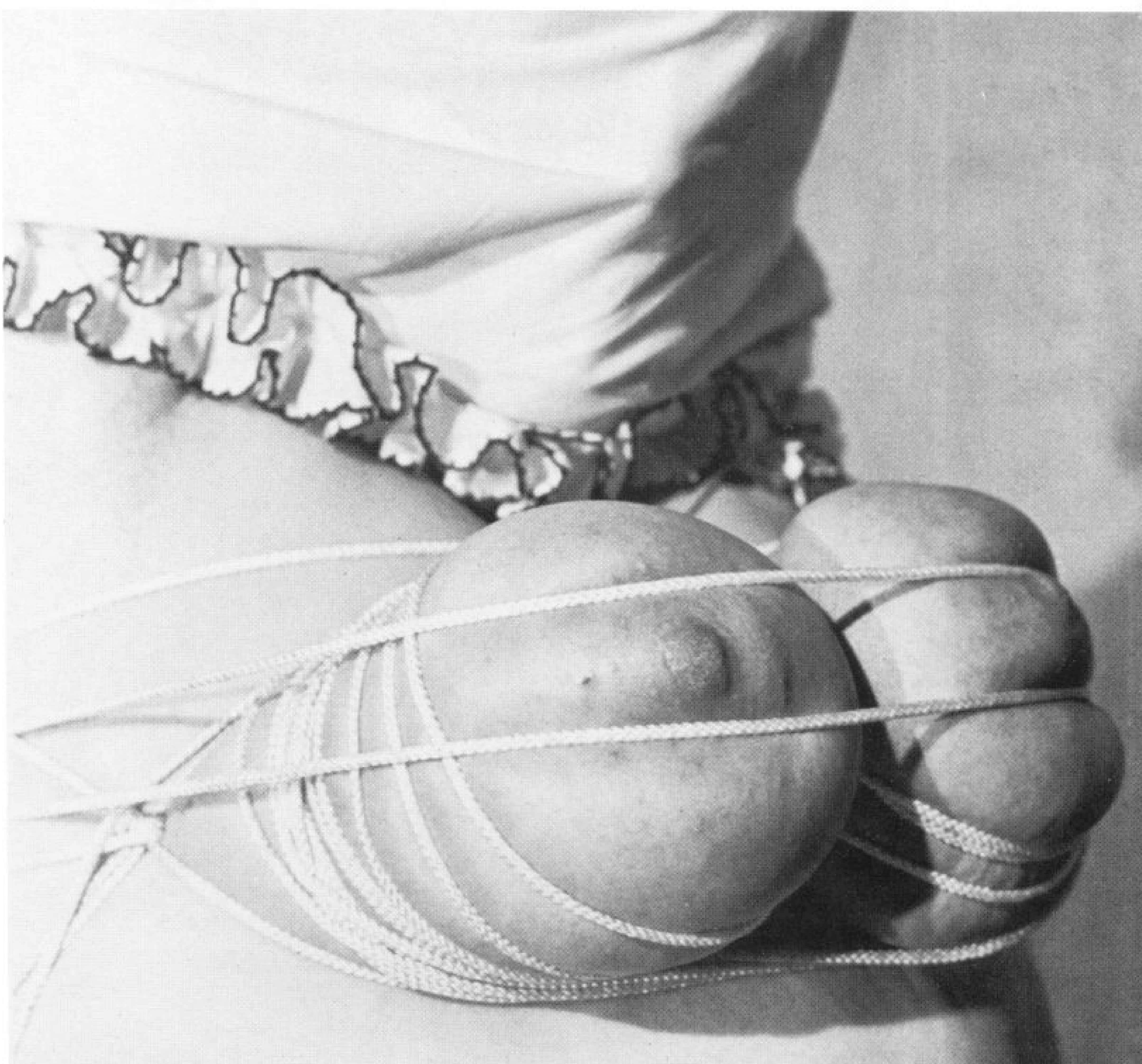
girl's breasts? There was no way! Winston had her strung up by her wrists at the time, and she remembered looking down at herself in wonder at what was happening. Winston was amazed himself. What had started out as whimsey now became a serious intent endeavour with a purpose. Winston breathed more and more heavily as the ropes went around and around and her breasts bulged out and out and became bigger and bigger like ripe melons, their skin so tight she was sure a flick of the finger would cause them to burst. After they'd gone out beyond a certain point they became so huge and so far exposed she saw them as belonging to someone else, or as having a life of their own. They were no longer recognizable to their owner. There was the pain though. When Winston pinched her enlarged tits and, with disbelief at what he had created, felt the once soft rotundities, Lottie felt the pain. There was also the constricting burn of the base ropes by which the whole bizarre bondage was more real. No matter how he tied her after that, Lottie could be sure that there, before her eyes, would be her own two monstrous mammaries proclaiming their pain and their longing. Sometimes he would make her blind with an undergarment pulled over her head. When this was done she had to sit and was doubly conscious of what she could not see. She imagined hosts of lecherous males gawking at her elongated boobs. It might be only Winston, but still!

Lottie sighed. Her breasts were bigger than usual today. Winston had excelled himself. But it was not that particular moment Lottie was thinking of. Dear Winston had just broken a piece of startling news. On Monday she was going to have to go to work with tied breasts. Winston had made a harness of leather and steel, and with a padlock! There was no bra big enough! Everyone would wonder! By noon her two treasures would be hurting like crazy.

And she wouldn't have the key. □

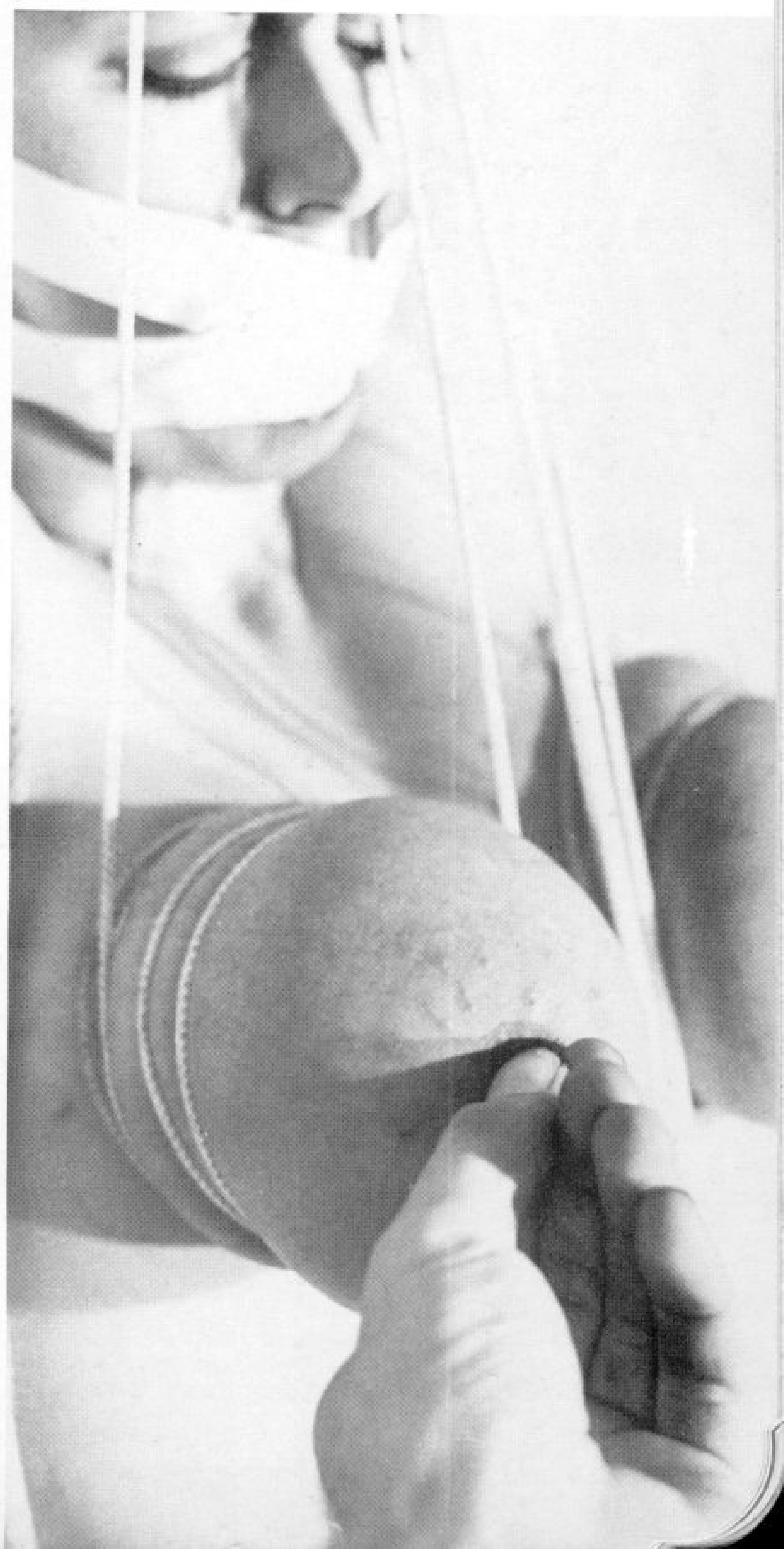












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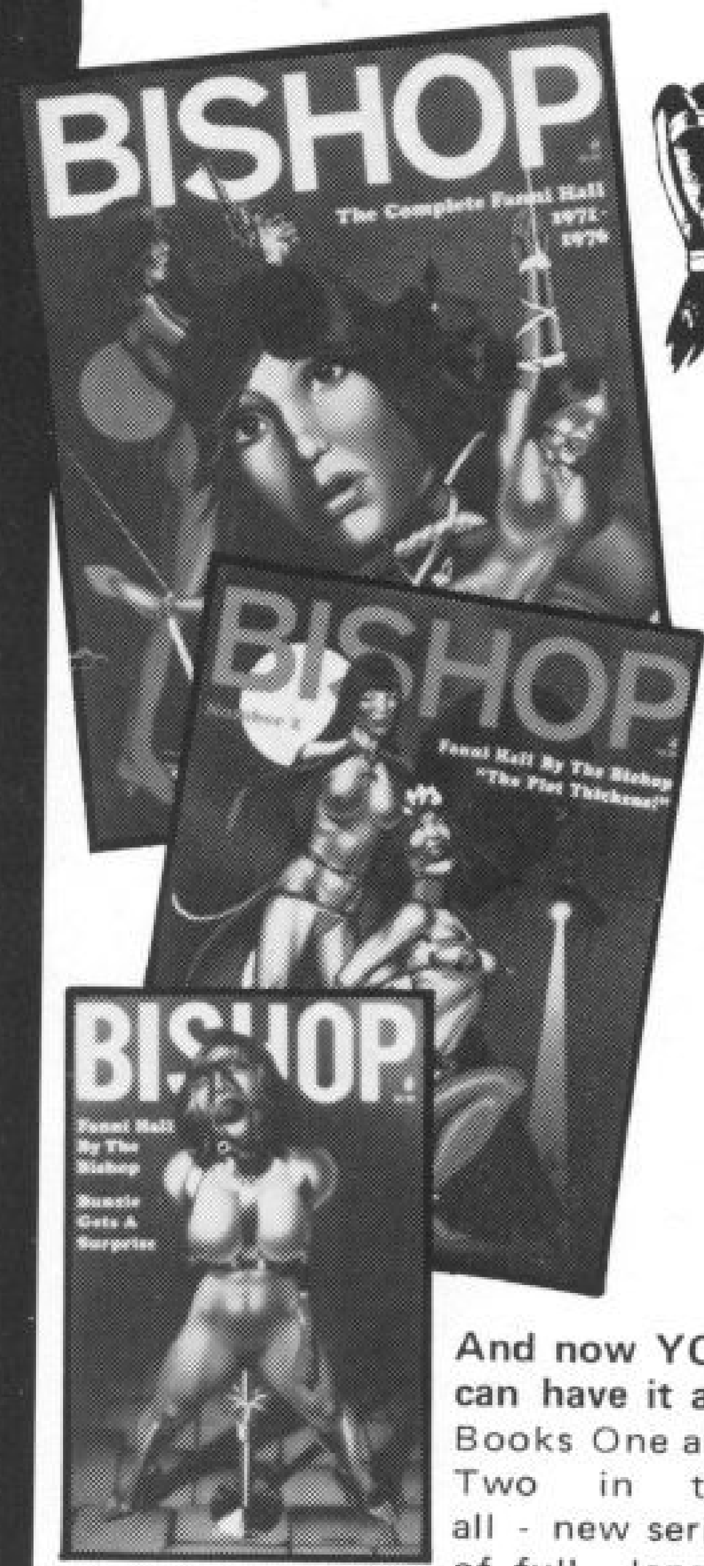
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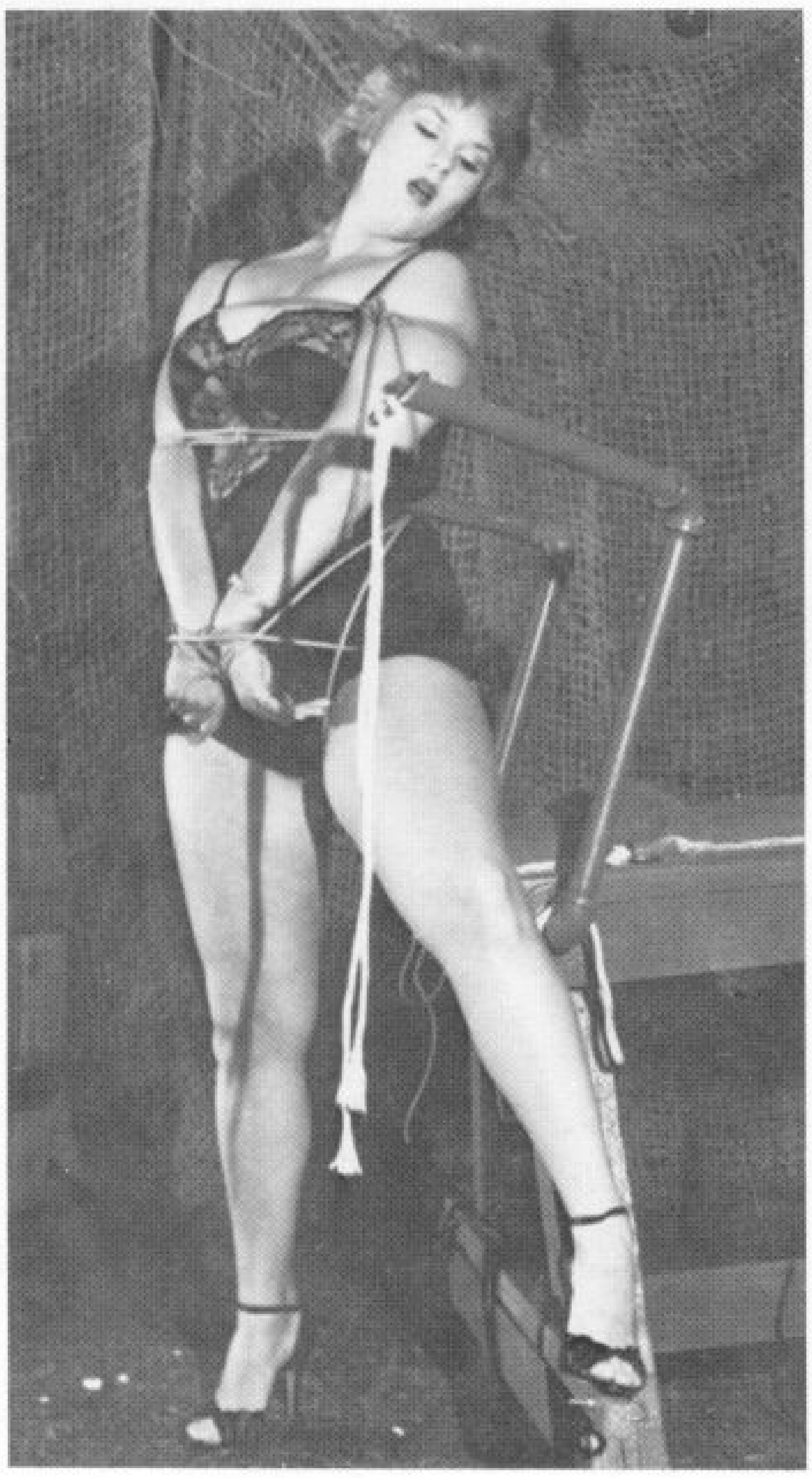
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LOVE OF PAIN (and pleasure)

There is always one step more, one rope, one tug, a new indentation in Dulcie's flesh. Dulcie does not love these small bonuses of pain I call her dessert after the full course feast of bondage she knows she's going to get, and which are the essence of her being. It's a thrill every time our eyes meet and I slip the first rope around her willing wrist or ankle, perhaps sometimes her neck. We smile, knowingly. But it is I who knows the most. Dulcie stays breathlessly silent during the first loops. I know what I am going to do to her but she is guessing. She never guesses the bonuses, and professes not to want them. But watch her face and the palpitations of her breasts . . . .

It is understood she has been a bad girl, and mostly she has. It's my opinion every home needs a bondage room for wayward wives. I am sure she deliberately misbehaves. But this is something nice between us, tacit, amusing, a challenge. There are times when she deserves what she gets, and with bonus!

Sometimes we will casually discuss her bondage as I busy myself with her small journey into pain. There is a word Dulcie loves: it is 'punishment'.

"Am I being punished today, darling, or am I just appeasing male lust?"

"I do like the effect of my spread legs, Lance. I'm so glad we're married. I can't see down there because of the way you've tied my neck, but is little pussy wide open, and are you using her this trip?"

You see what I mean. She's a honey. We vibrate like crazy as I tie



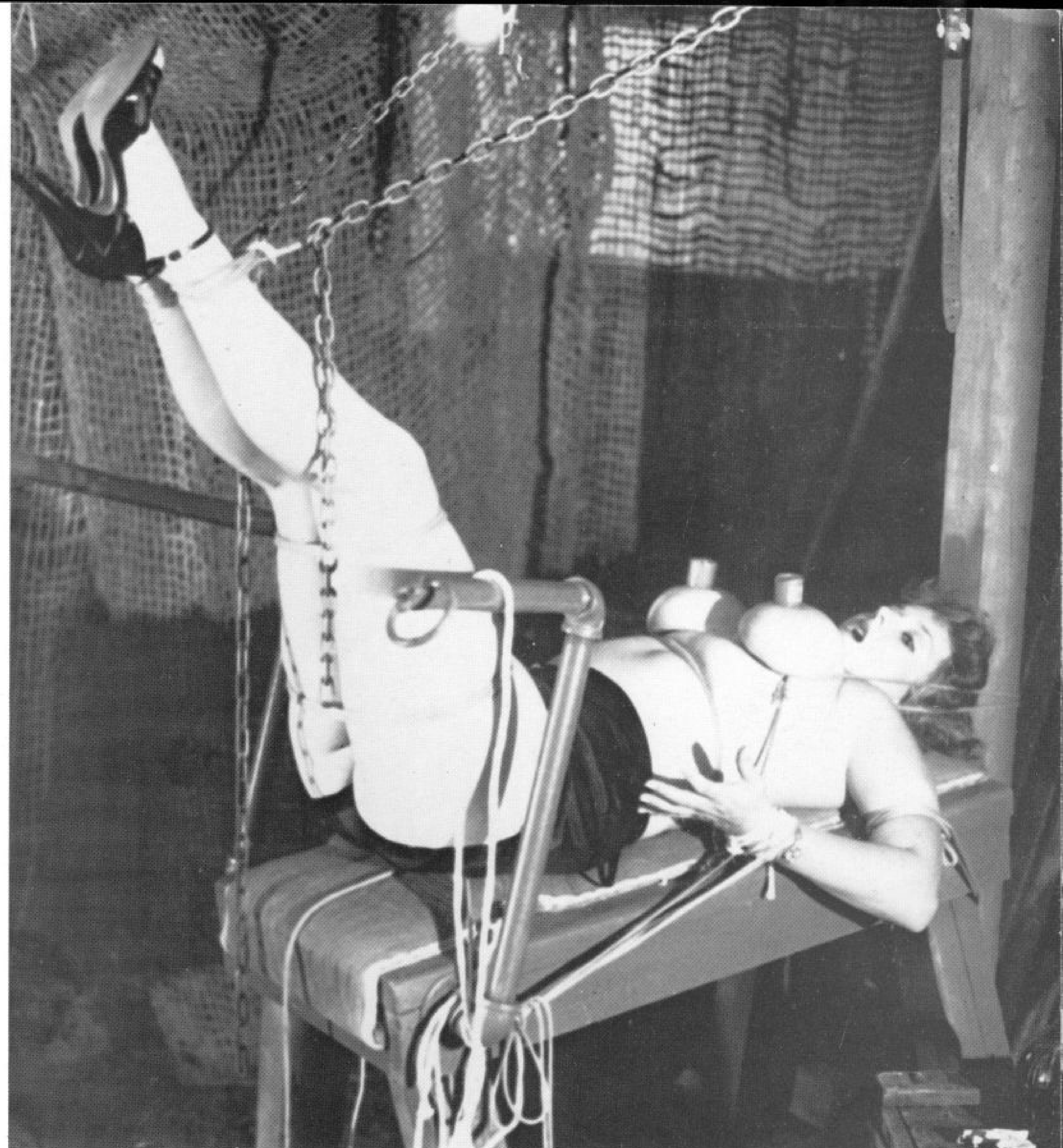












her, tugging and bending her loveliness into this stretch and that to invoke the gasps and appealing wide-eyed pleas that turn us on. A unique husband and wife rapport in which her pain is the pleasure of us both. What is pain anyway other than an endless orgasm by which we reach pinnacles far beyond the norm. Dulcie's pain is also a giving. She receives it from me and pays me back with joy.

Mostly I don't gag Dulci. Our bondage room is soundproof against her screams, or her moans, or her demands. So why rob us both of the pleasure of communion?

Our exploration of Dulcie's pain and pleasure is always articulate.

"Darling, you've forgotten the rope between my legs. Pussy's come to expect it, y'know. You wouldn't want to cheat her?"

"Lance, you can stretch me a bit more this time, my back's getting beautifully supple, and it's so good for my tummy.

But sometimes there's delicious apprehension as, for instance:

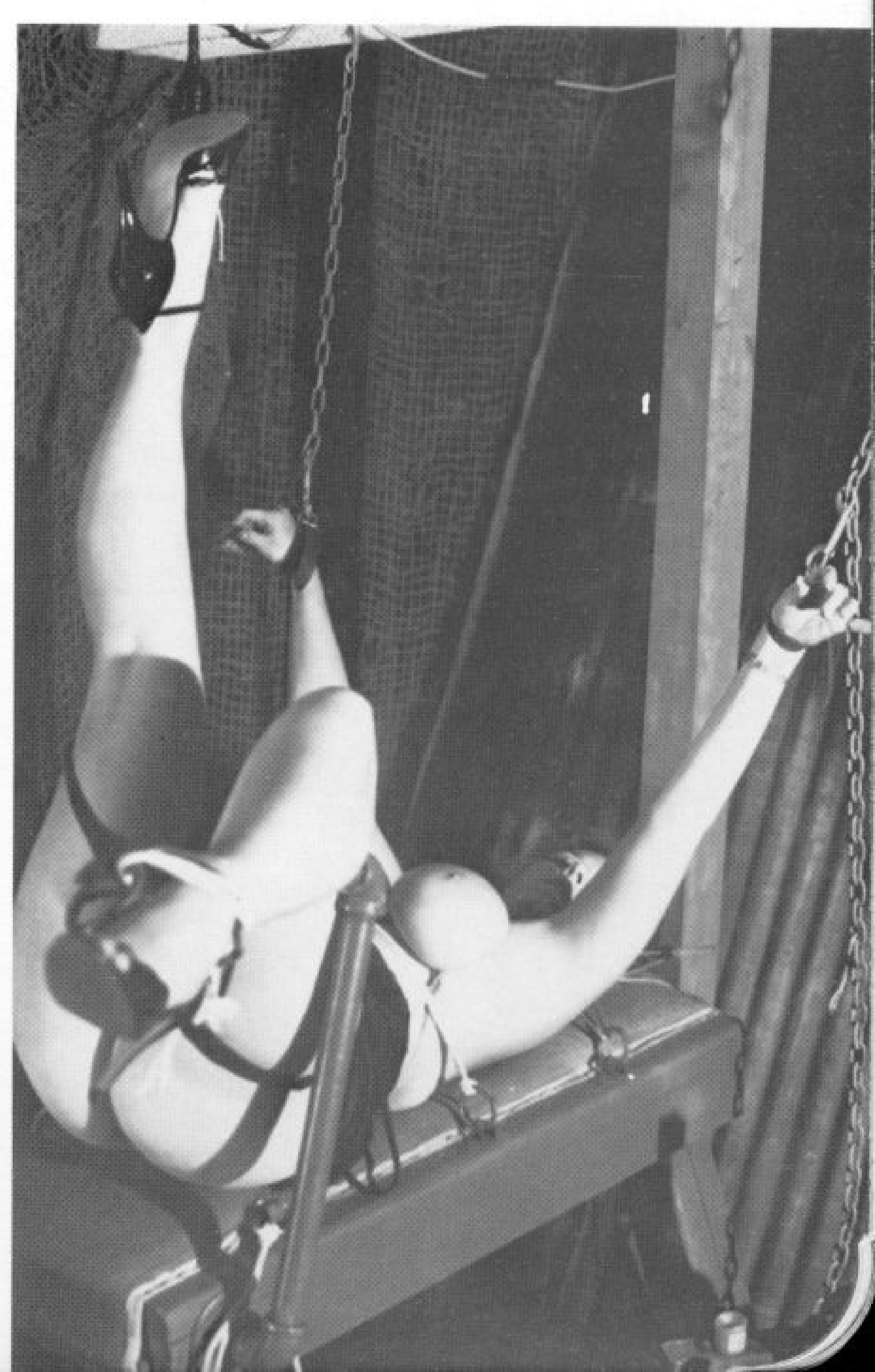
"Lance, what's that? Lance, LANCE! Noooo! Wow! Look, I don't want that . . . well, not so tight. Oh, alright then, but I think you're mean. If you leave me like this too long I'll cry."

Sweet, eh! But the real exclamations she comes up with are for the bonuses. She can sense when one's coming, and I can see her tense and the ropes sink a bit deeper into her skin as she instinctively surges towards a freedom she can never attain.

"Lance, what have you thought up this time! Look, go a bit easy. Ohhhhh, Lance darling, not my breasts! Don't you like the way they are?"

I make her stick her tongue out to receive a spring clothes clip. She grimaces but does not complain. Once the clip is firmly in place, biting her quivering tongue, she can't complain. But she's as excited about it as I am. Her eyes focus down over her nose to try and get the effect of this new silencer. She makes small, quaint sounds to tell me I'm a brute but she likes it. When I take it off she asks, breathlessly, "Do it again." Dulcie is the kind of girl to have. She's a bondage beauty au naturalle!

Today is breast day. Breast day for Dulcie. She has two beautiful qualifications for this punishment. I start her off on it gently with an artistic criss-cross that gets her interested. A sort of rope bra with









only enough tension to let her know her breasts are bound.

"It is sort of cute, Lance. Why didn't you tell me this was all. It's so funny when I breathe . . ."

It isn't all, it's just the beginning. I now get down to work. I tie them one at a time, giving each bulging boob my full attention. Dulcie is increasingly able to watch as her right twin sphere advances forward under the compulsion of the rope. She is fascinated as I am, but more vocal.

"Oh Lance! That's AWFUL!"

"Lance, not the other one too! Not both my breasts!"

She's so cute! As a reward I clip a pin on each of her taut nipples. They stick out perkily in full view of their punished owner who views them in dismay and strives to shake them off. But, since she can't move a muscle, that's a losing proposition for the poor girl. I produce three more.

"Lance . . . absolutely not! I don't want my cunt clipped and I don't want one on my tongue right now."

I put two clips on the labia of her cunt and one on her nose. The nose one is a real punishment because it makes her look silly. Dulcie does not like to look silly.

"Alright, Lance, have fun, but take this damn thing off my nose! If you'll take it off I'll stop complaining. Honest!"

I take it off. I don't like it either. It's just a gimmick, the nose is not erogenous! But the other places sure are. Dulcie darling is beginning to pant. I get some more rope to work on the base of her melon-like twins and we both watch them rise forward into proportions neither of us guessed were there.

"Lance, they're enormous. I never knew!"

"Lance, take the clips off please. Leave them on my cunt if you think you have to, but get them off my tits. If you don't . . . ohhhhhhh . . . Oh, Lance!"

Dulcie orgasms beautifully. I watch in delight and give her just a little help. Orgasms defeat the poor girl's beefs. About the time she says she can't possibly stand any more punishment she explodes. Then she looks ashamed. She pouts and says, crossly:

"Lance, that was all your fault."

Her breasts are coming out nicely, almost an inch at a time! I think I'll keep her chest tied this way but let the rest of her loose. She'll looks cute around the house. Her boobs will come through the door before she does! □







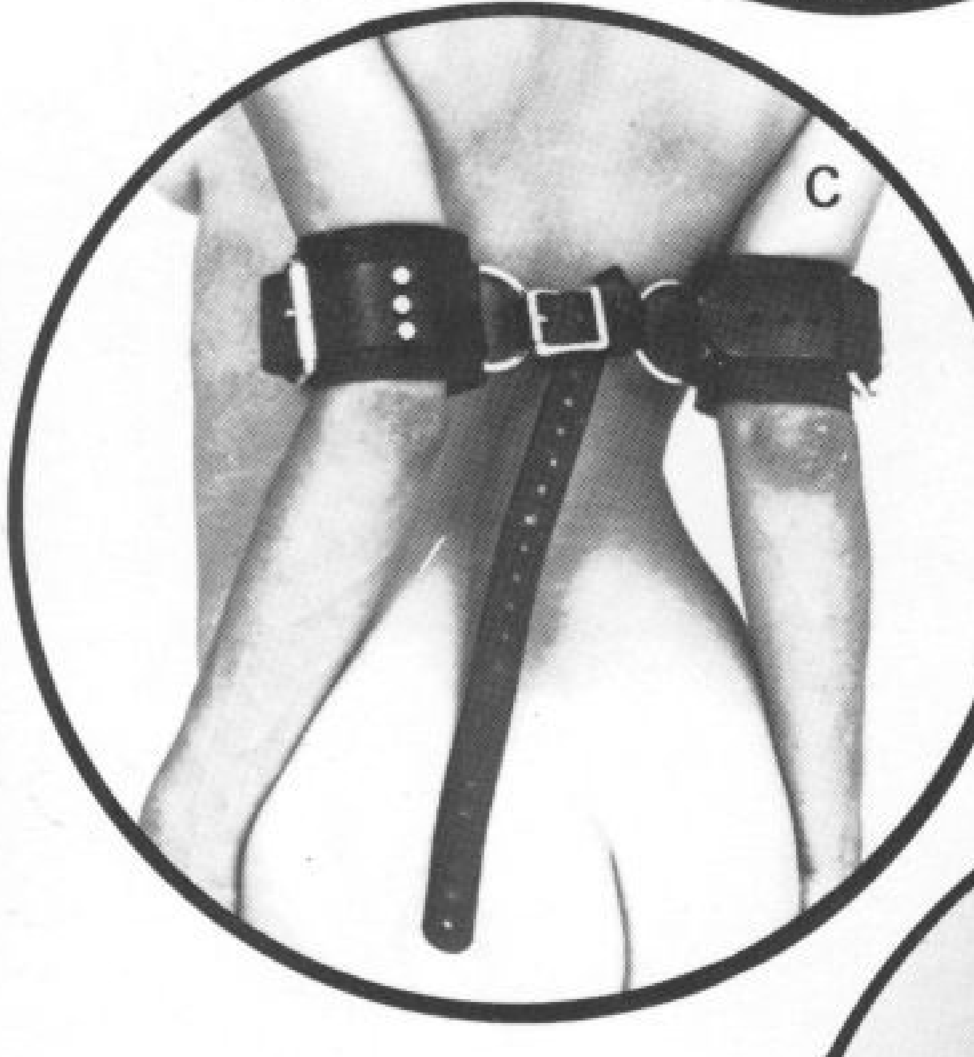
more leather!

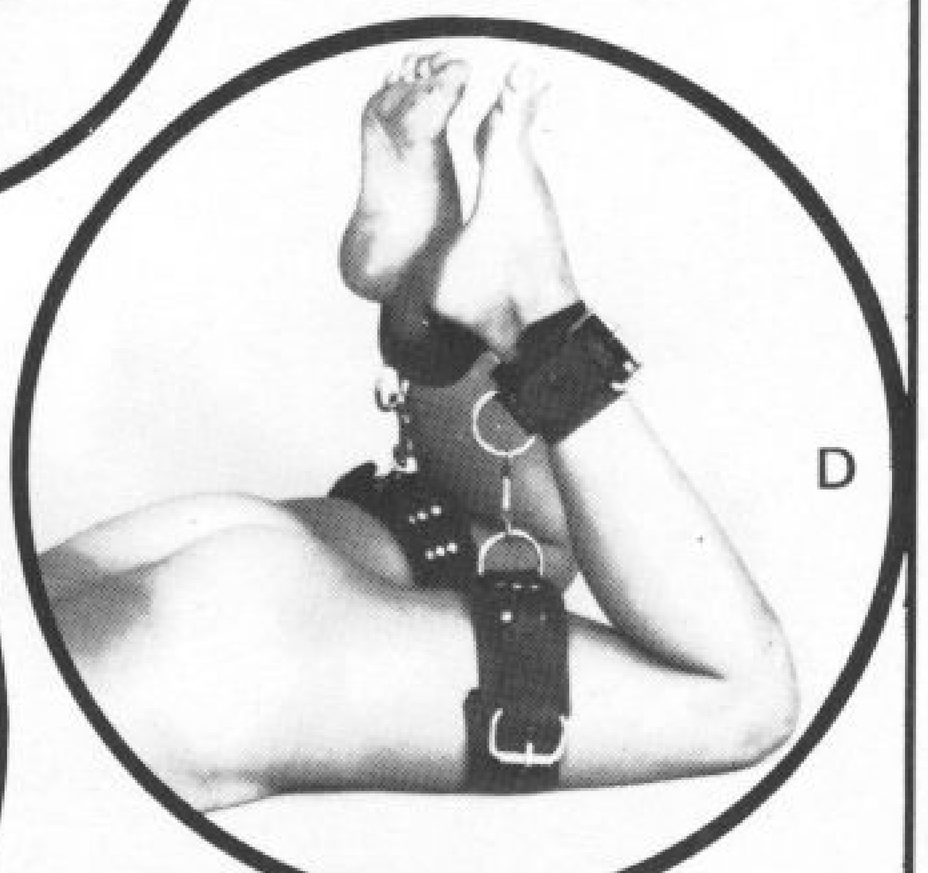
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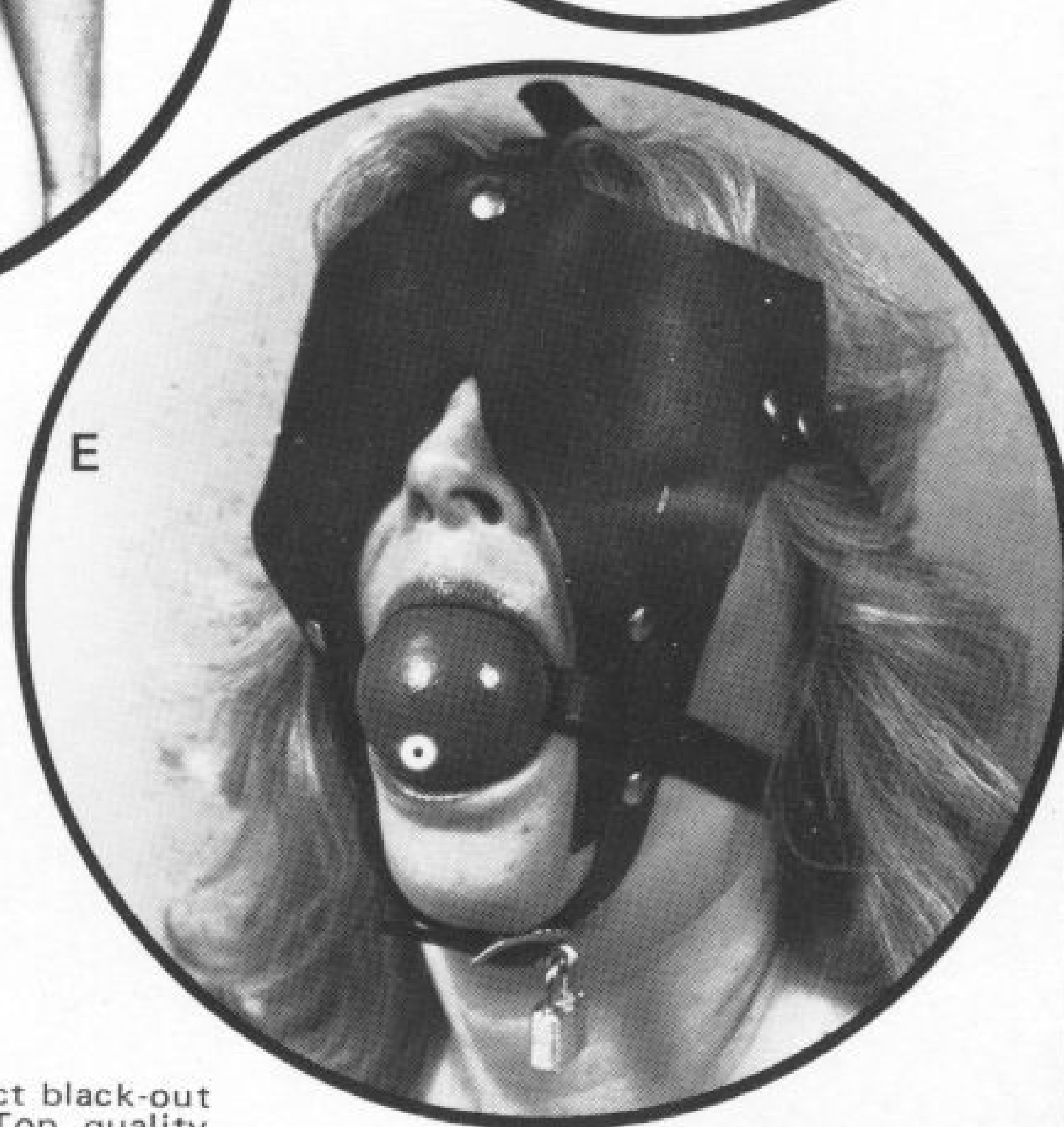


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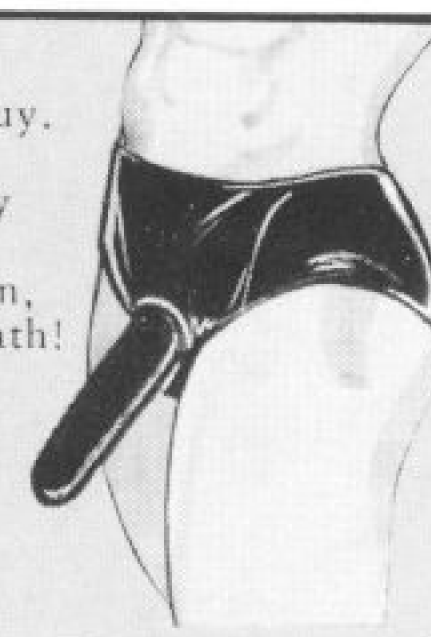
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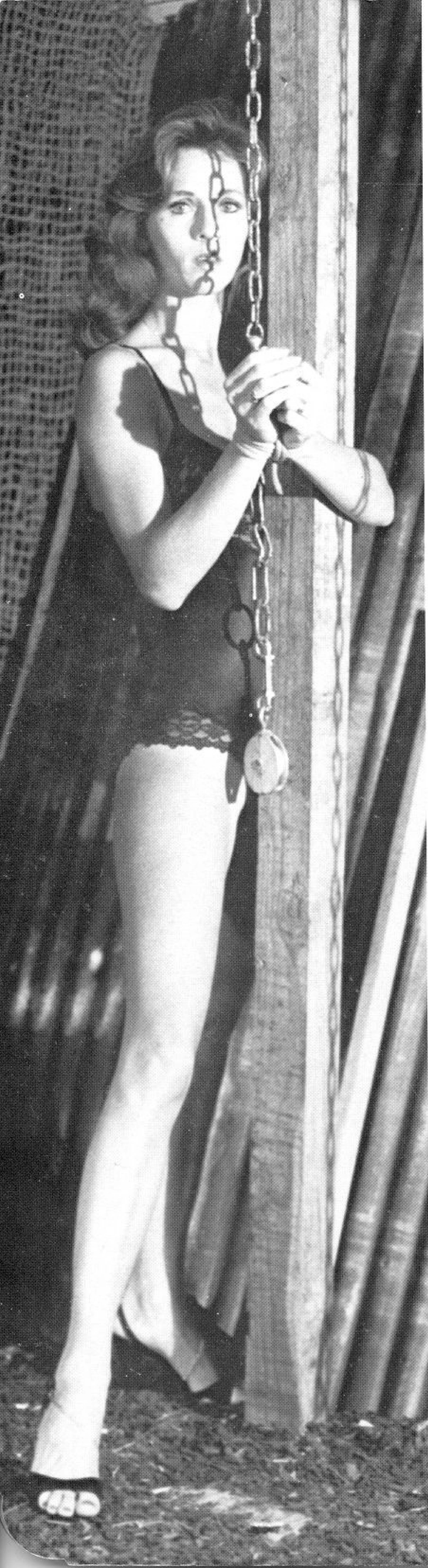


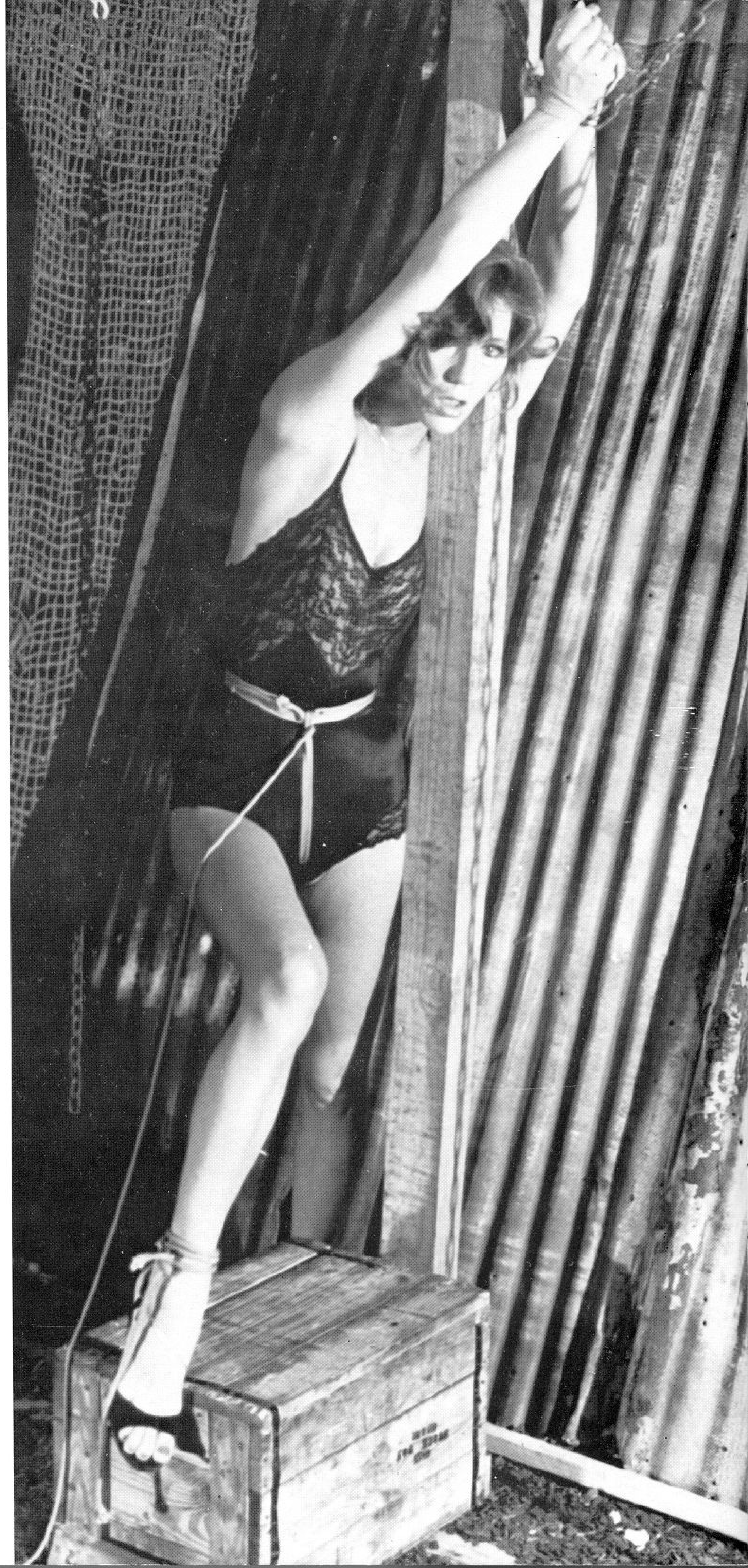
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PUNISHED!

The old warehouse belongs to Wendy's brother, so I'm not going to get any help there. Angela got the chains from somewhere, and the ropes are courtesy of Paula's boyfriend along with this beastly pulley thing no decent girl would dream of using on her best friend. I mean, what it does to a rope!

Or maybe I don't have a best friend! Or any friends at all!

"We think you behaved like a bitch," says Angela.

"You ought to be ashamed," says Wendy. "And we're going to make sure you are."

"It was only in fun," I wail. "And I'll never do it again."

"Yeah, I bet!" Paula says bitterly. "But maybe if we keep you tightly tied for a day or two you'll get some sense."

"At least a week," adds Wendy.

"I don't see why we can't keep her in bondage for a month," Angela says as though she means it.

"But you can't I'll die," I am scared. They seem so damn grim. "Look, if you want to keep me tied up a long time just tie me to the post. That's bad enough after a couple of hours."

"What a nerve! After what you've done. We want you hurting all the time."

It's no use. I know it's no use. I've been tried and sentenced by the Court, and these three are my executioners. Between them I'm going to wish I'd been a good girl. I keep a sulky silence while the ropes are noosed and tied and tugged. There's something terribly personal about the way I'm being bound. Bound to hurt is what it amounts to! 'Bondage to make me a better girl.' Aw shit! You ever been sentenced by a 'Co-ed Court'? Don't try it. Caligula would have given these three a job anytime!

"We've got to have her well stretched and the ropes have to leave weals."

"We should do a number on her breasts too. She's always been fussy about her breasts. Want your tits tied, sweetheart?"

I want to scream, I want to plead! But that's what they want, so I'd best keep quiet. A sulky silence is probably my best bet. They may come around to feeling sorry for me. But if they keep me tied like this with my arms up and my legs out and every strand so damn tight, it's hard not to say something I shouldn't. But if I ever get loose!

"Look at her, playing the haughty martyr. We've got to get a few tears out of her. What about a whip?"

"Not yet. Let's soften her up first. She's likely to plead for mercy right now, but she's too proud. We'll fix her!"

They've fixed me already if they only knew it. I want to cry and I want out! I make a try: "Look, why don't you let me loose, darlings, and I'll be a good little girl to all of you. I'll give you the most gorgeous eating you've ever had."

"Crazy! You'd run like a rabbit."

"You could keep a rope on my neck or something. Please?"

I should have kept quiet. They do just that, but with my hands tied behind my back. I service them all and these rotten bitches aren't a bit grateful. They tie me up again right away, and they tie me worse. I haven't another bribe to offer, not a thing!

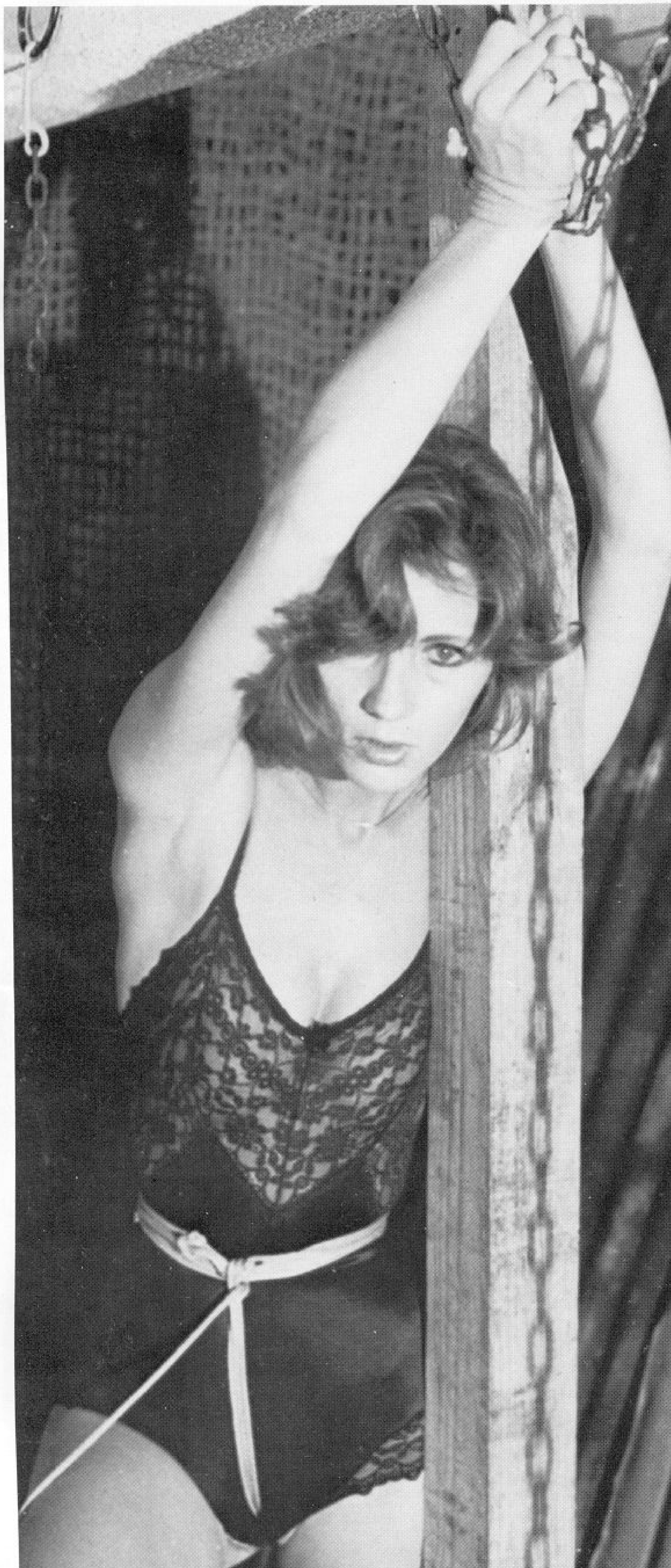
It's too cruel what they do to my breasts. At the start it's as erotic as any girl could want. But they don't know where to stop, or maybe they do and don't care. The heat between my legs cools lower and lower with each rope, and each





















rope brings one of my breasts out and out. It's not fair to do this to a girl who can't defend herself and who daren't utter a peep. I get lippy they'll gag me for sure. It's awful being gagged, unless it's done by someone you're fond of.

But I do nearly break my silence when they debate about the pulley. That pulley's for the birds. The rope from it certainly shouldn't go up in my twat, and that's where it always ends up. A little is sort of pussy warming, I start getting ideas and looking longingly at the hands that are hurting me . . . and the smiling ripe lips. If only they'd give me a break! It wouldn't hurt them! But no way it's going to happen . . . just no way. And now they yank the rope and I have to stick my pubic hair out a mile, but I can't stick it out far enough. The rope tightens and tightens and the pulley wheel creaks and demands some oil. "Oh, stop! Stop! I can't stand any more." I plead, and am ashamed.

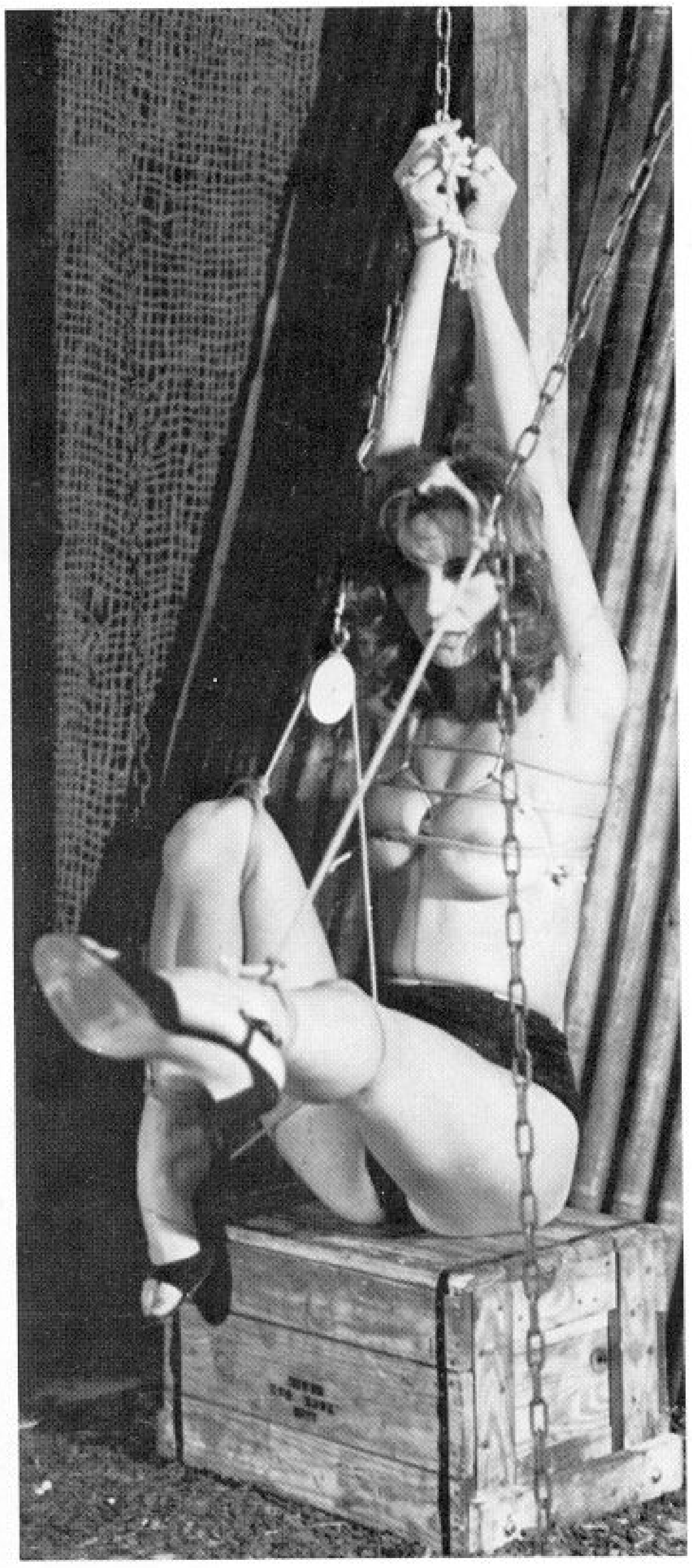
"Gosh she talks!"

"Oh course I talk. I'll scream if you pull me up any tighter."

"Pull her up, Wendy."

I scream, and they all seem very pleased about it. They do a new number on my boobs. Everything they do to me sticks my poor breasts out some fresh way to catch their attention. It's not until





she's being punished that a girl realizes just how many ways there are to be mean to her, and how many parts and pieces there are for her tormentors to work on. A breast ceases to be just a breast or a nipple a nipple. Her pussy isn't just a useful thing between her legs, it has all sorts of possibilities, mostly painful. And as for her pubic hair! Try having yours plucked, a hair at a time! It's a wonderful incentive to good resolutions.

While they punish me I have lovely visions of the shoe on the other foot. Just suppose the three of them were stripped and tied to posts or hung by their wrists so I could walk up and down the line adding a bit of pain here and there and tightening ropes. And if I had a whip I'd take that smirk off Angela's face damn quick. And I'd have six breasts to work on, six lovely breasts and nipples! Oh boy!

But it's not going to happen. It's me who's being punished! □





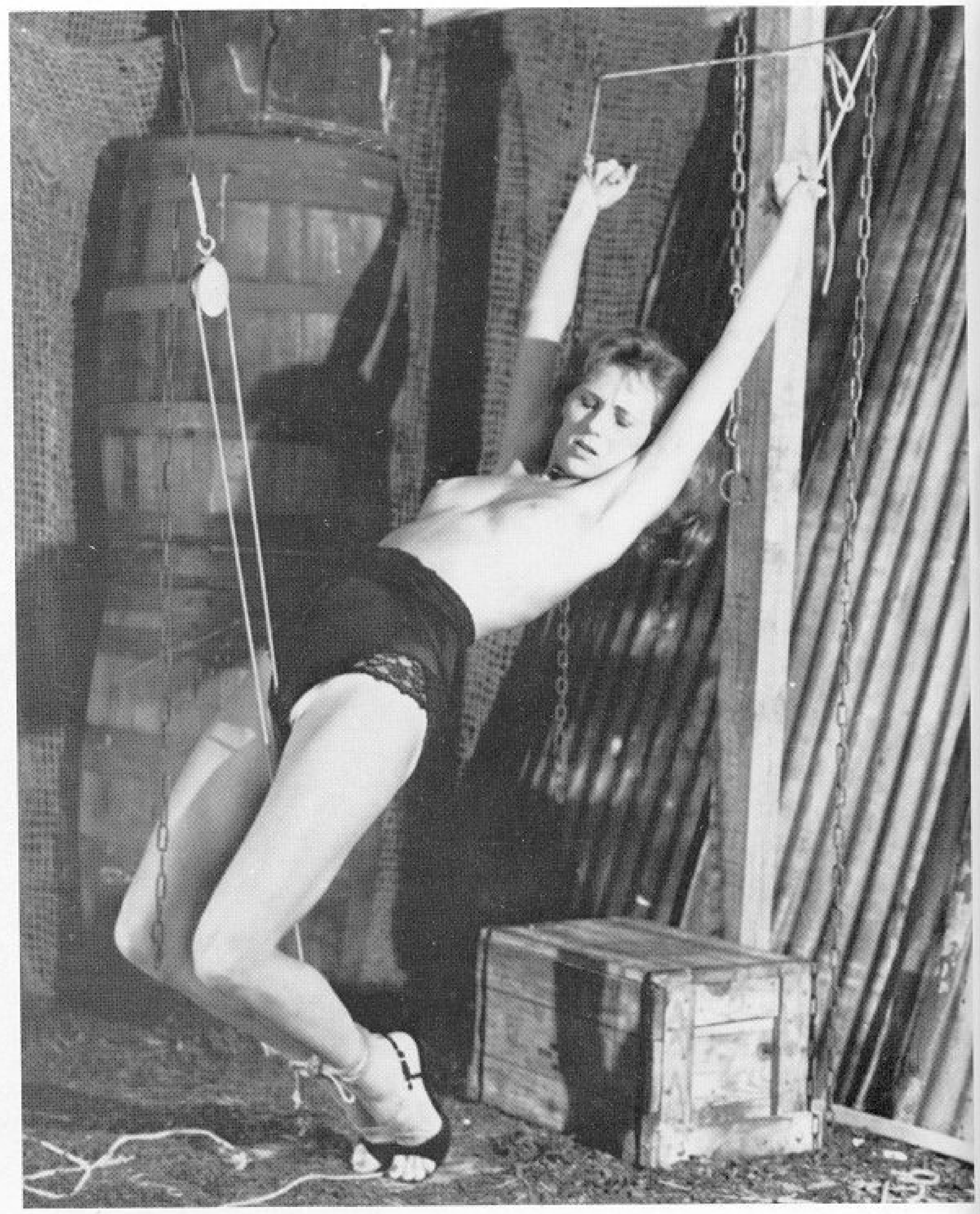








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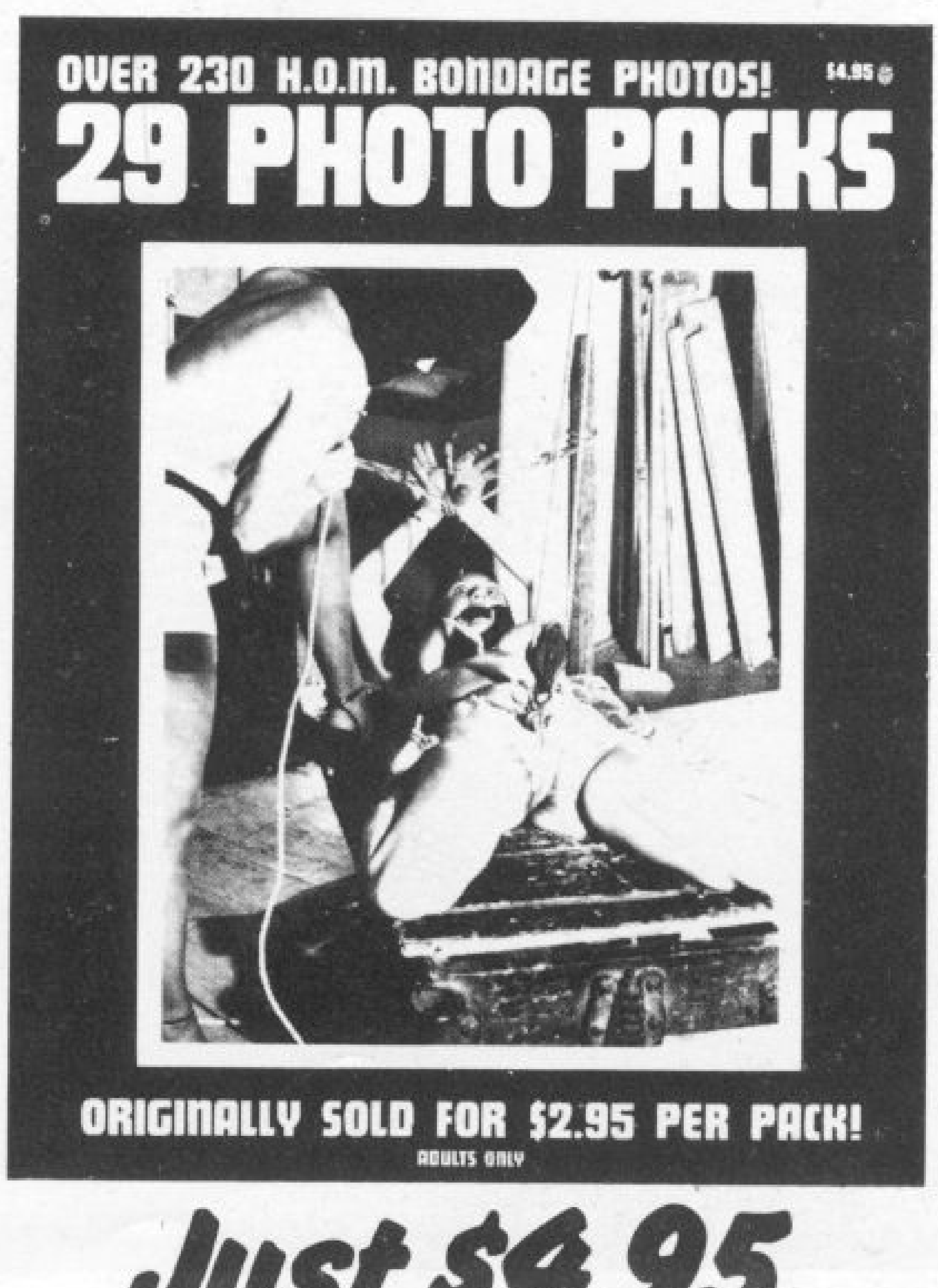
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